THE ENGLISH REVIEW

VOLUME XLIV

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1927

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P.1415

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JANUARY, 1927

Correspondence

The Press and the Educationists

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Lord Beaverbrook has been recently lecturing the Head Teachers' Association on their lack of enterprise in writing for the Press. He points to their brethren of the Church—to the Bishop of Durham, Dean Inge, and Father Ronald Knox—who make comfortable additions to their exiguous salaries by their occasional articles; and he wonders why so few professors and teachers (the terms are in no way identical) do not strive to increase their more exiguous emoluments in the same way. The reasons are not far to seek. First, the teacher is a very busy worker if he is any good at his job, and has little time for parerga. He has not the scholarly leisure of a dean or of a fashionable preacher. Secondly, the Englishman likes being preached at—in the Press at least, even if he no longer goes to church. Whereas he is frankly uninterested in education, which he looks on as a gloomy game, like Political Economy.

He pays large sums to keep his boy at a public school, not because he hopes he will learn anything intellectual, but because he has been there himself, or wishes he had, or because he thinks it will make his child a gentleman and able to mix in Society without feeling awkward, or again, because it gives him social advancement to be able to talk about his boy at Eton. Even Mr. J. H. Thomas, although he talks about bloated capitalists and railway magnates to his Union, does not hesitate to send his son to Rugby to mix with the sons of these same enemies of the down-trodden working man. Consequently, educational features are not welcomed by the journals such as those

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which Lord Beaverbrook controls. An article on the decline of candidates for the Army, the overloaded time-tables of our schools, or the future of the University of London, would be relegated to the waste-paper basket. And on other topics the teacher is not a specialist but an intelligent amateur with no more information than any other layman. When will a newspaper lord arise who will give space to educational topics and make the English desert their love for rule-of-thumb methods and their contempt of accurate information? The Scotch and the French possess this admiration for instruction, and honour their teachers. Perhaps that is why we find the Scotsman so often in the Cabinet and filling the highest offices in Church and State.

I am, etc.,

A TEACHER.

"Broadcast" or "Broadcasted"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In your November issue on page 556, at the beginning of an article on Psycho-Analysis, appears the truly appalling word "Broadcasted"!!!

Many of your readers must have felt(ed) bad and almost wept(ed) to see that it had got(ted) past(ed) you. Can it not be lost(ed) and kept(ed) out in future?

I am, etc.,

H. M. BANBURY.

[Our correspondent is amusing but relies solely on his own judgment, making no attempt to justify his strong language. Our contributor who used "broadcasted" is responsible for his English, and may well have considered the right form with more knowledge and less prejudice than Mr. Banbury. The word, since the B.B.C. only began in 1922, is quite recent in the wireless sense, and, so far as we are aware, the vast referendum of the public which decides English usage has not yet settled it. Euphony and the English desire for shortness may vote for "broadcast," though then present and past will all be one and may lead to confusion. On the other hand, "broadcasted" has already been used for years for the sowing of seed, and it is the correct form if the verb is later than the adjective or noun and was made out of it. This seems to us certain from the available evidence. See for the rule in such cases Mr. Fowler's "Modern English Usage" on "forecast," which is parallel in form. He is glad to be able to use "forecast" for the past, as here the verb came first. "Roughcasted" was used as long ago as 1757.]

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

JANUARY, 1927

Current Comments

A New Year Message

OUR first number in 1927 is opened with a plea for Peace and Goodwill in industry by that patriotic and well-tried Labour leader, Mr. Havelock Wilson. There is no Englishman whose appeal should be assured of more respect and sympathy among both employers and employed. Mr. Wilson is not one of those who have sought Peace with a sword. He has an honourable record of solid achievement in his own sphere of industry—shipping, founded ever upon recognition of the fact that there can be no peace without goodwill, and no good bargain which does not satisfy both parties. His success through a long and difficult period is shown equally by the gratitude and confidence of his Union and the esteem of the employers. Mr. Wilson has realized that the first condition of prosperity for the working seaman is prosperity for the shipping industry. He has found employers willing enough to raise the standard of the men, willing also to exhaust the margin of profit in bad times before calling upon them to reduce it. Notwithstanding all the bitter class-war recriminations by which mainly the Labour party attempt to justify their separate existence, we believe that there is no body of large-scale employers in the country unwilling to do the like. There can be none, indeed, so blind to their own interests. What, therefore, has been possible in the unsheltered shipping industry, ever exposed to severe competition, is equally possible in all, given the one essential of goodwill on the part of the Labour leaders. That peace might have been reached by friendly agreement between masters and men in the coal industry has been proved by the event.

Perverted Pacifists

BUT if the counsel of men of real goodwill is to prevail over the preachers of the class-war, the credentials of many whose public utterances seem to range them on the side of the angels should be scrutinized. For there are no greater enemies of peace than those who demand peace at any price, peace bought by weak concession to greed, and not based upon the lasting foundation of equity. Peace-mongers of this breed are no less dangerous than were the pacifists during the war. Never has there been such an epidemic of questionable pacifism as during the past year. Bishops, sentimentalists, busybodies, and astute Labour leaders have vied with open enemies of the country, like Mr. Cook, in trying to stampede public opinion into forcing an inequitable settlement which could only end in the ruin of the industry or an early renewal of the conflict. The foolish proposals of the Industrial Christian Fellowship and a few of the Bishops probably prolonged the strike for some weeks. Even among the Conservative party in the House of Commons there are many whose attitude toward industrial questions springs from soft hearts and even softer heads. It is noteworthy that the majority of these sentimentally inclined younger Conservatives, who claim to be inspired by Disraeli, are not actually engaged in industry in any responsible capacity. The burden of their song is that the capitalist employer is still as much addicted to the selfish exploitation of labour as his prototype denounced in "Sybil"; that labour is entitled to a share, not only in the profits, but in the control, of industry; that it will never be happy till it gets it; and, generally, that by a prodigal programme of "social reform" the progressive young Conservatives could completely take the wind out of the Socialists' sails.

The New Socialism

A FAIR example of this attitude was afforded by two M.P.s, Captain Macmillan and Major Hills, in their joint letter to the *Times* on December 10. They are evidently alarmed that "militant sections of the Conservative Press and militant members of the party" should be calling for "a comprehensive codification and re-examination of the

law relating to trade unions." They admit that such legislation can reasonably be defended, but urge that it should not be initiated without "at the same time extending legislative authority to a far more wide-reaching attempt to remedy its evils." This wide-reaching attempt appears to be no less than the legislative enaction of a charter of "economic freedom" for the industrial workers equal to their political freedom. We are warned that they will certainly obtain it. "It is only a question of when and how. There can be no finer task for the Conservative Party than the working out of an industrial system corresponding to the genuine aspirations of the modern electorate. To direct this movement and mould it into a wise shape is the real function of modern Conservatism [!]" Indications of this wise shape are "recognition by employers of partnership in industry," and "recognition by the Government that the line between State and private enterprise is a shifting one, and that other undertakings besides electricity may become ripe for public control, a control carrying with it a proper share for labour." Just what is meant by "economic freedom" is not very clear. We are unaware of any restrictions upon a worker's economic freedom in Great Britain except those imposed upon him by his trade union. By Socialists economic freedom is often interpreted as the right to full maintenance with or without work. In the tail of their letter these two altruists rather naïvely admit anxiety as to trade unionists' votes by which "most of us sit." It is permissible to wonder whether they were flattered or disconcerted by the alacrity with which Mr. Clynes rushed to give his blessing to their effusion almost as if to welcome the gain of two promising recruits to the Socialist Party.

Work and Worth

THE legitimate aspirations of the manual workers will not be advanced by such advocates. They must follow the strait way of sound economics. The claims set out above are founded on false premisses. The employer is very seldom the enemy and mostly the friend of labour. In the vast majority of trades that vague panacea "profit-sharing" is quite impracticable except in the form of higher wages

for more work. Wherever piecework is possible employers have long favoured it, and the unions have mostly opposed it. They insist, moreover, on a dead level of wages for all union members, good, bad, or indifferent. An artist, a writer, a barrister, a surgeon, a cinema actor are all remunerated in accordance with the public estimate of their worth. Why not a carpenter or a bricklayer? Notoriously some are worth twice as much as others, and could readily command the higher wages. In most industries piecework and free trade in labour are the only means of profit-sharing. On the same turnover one firm may make twice the profit of another owing entirely to better management. Yet another may make a loss. The deserts of labour in all these cases may be equal. We never hear of loss-sharing. As to share in control, there is no evidence whatever that the great mass of the workers have the least desire to exercise it. Nor is it possible that they should. An army cannot consist of officers, and wherever soldiers' councils have been tried, as in Russia, they have been fatal to discipline. Only a very small proportion, probably not more than about 5 per cent. of the rank and file, have the special gifts of leadership, character, and ability which are essential to control. An investigation into the higher personnel of industries of all kinds, or into the family records of the members of both Houses of Parliament, proves that, in fact, those few are continually rising from the ranks to the natural level of their abilities.

The Coal Industry

It would be rash to prophesy an era of great prosperity in the coal industry as the immediate sequel to the violent ending of the regime under which it has not been allowed to make any effort to save itself from extinction. Indeed, for the moment there is great confusion. Contracts for foreign coal have still to run out. The railways are in a state of chaos with regard to wagons. Wintry weather has not yet stimulated the demand for domestic fuel. Many foreign customers are temporarily lost to us. Indeed, we must admit that the Soviet Government has received good value for the £1,100,000 which it paid to the Miners' Federation to destroy our

coal mining industry. But between 750,000 and 800,000 miners are already at work, blast furnaces are being blown in, orders for heavy steelwork and for shipbuilding have accumulated, and there is reason to anticipate a period of fairly good trade in the spring. The anticipation of those who direct the industry is that the number of men employed will rise to about 1,000,000 with an annual output of 270,000,000 tons; and that thereafter the output will gradually increase from year to year without increase in the number of miners. If this can be done, prosperity for all our heavy industries is assured.

Reports from the mining districts indicate that the men are going back to work in a fairly contented mood—in some instances very cheerfully indeed. It seems to be realized by them that they need no longer go in fear of the Miners' Federation, since that infamous tyrant is now destroyed and cannot retain them in bondage. The successful initiation of a new union in Notts and Derby on non-political lines seems likely to be followed by a considerable change in miners' organizations in many districts, and, if the coal owners will exercise an especial degree of tact and patience, there is a good prospect of happier and freer conditions throughout the industry.

The Coal Owners' Association has won such a sweeping victory over the Miners' Federation and all the various allies, from the Government to the bishops, who came to the assistance of that body, that the owners can now afford to be conciliatory to a degree which has for years been impossible. Their industry, so long the sport of politicians, is at last free. If they cannot make it prosperous now, it will be their own fault, and one of the paths to prosperity, as they well know, lies in gaining the confidence of the miners. The latter have been robbed and betrayed by those in whom they placed their trust. Hence the owners have a tremendous responsibility and a brilliant opportunity. If they will, they can become the leaders, rather than the masters, of their men. It is evident that many of them recognize this, and are determined to advance along that path to a nobler and a happier state of things in our industrial life.

THE burden of local rates has grown from £71,000,000 in 1913–14 to £142,000,000 in 1924–25. For the current year, owing to the coal strike, the demand will be much higher. While the amount raised by local rates doubled in ten years, the sums received by the local authorities as Government grants from national taxes rose from £23,000,000 in 1913–14 to £82,000,000 in 1924–25. These, again, will be largely exceeded in the current year. With a national budget of over £800,000,000 it is evident that the country is staggering under a weight of expenditure far beyond the capacity of industry to bear. In September, 2,396,000 persons were in receipt of Poor Law relief—616 per 10,000 of the population. We have seen the strange spectacle of local authorities efficiently mobilizing their resources to distribute relief indiscriminately to the families of the unfortunate workers thrown out of employment by the action of the striking miners and of the miners themselves—an example of exaggerated humanitarianism without parallel in any other country. But although it is plain that by so doing we subsidized the strike, and although all history since the examples of ancient Athens and Rome shows the inevitable and fatal result of such weakness, it seems that a majority of electors either approves or fears to change the system. It is happily probable that a period of activity and good trade will set in, and should it last for a few years, the lessons of our recent disasters will be forgotten except, of course, in those localities which have had to incur heavy borrowings when their rate resources were exhausted. In those the process of repayment will be a painful reminder.

Paupers and Votes

But if we are so given over to sentimentalism that no politician or party can be found to proclaim the truth—to condemn the folly of subsidizing strikers by relieving them of man's primary obligation to support his family and thus preventing the natural operation of economic law, at least the Conservative Party might summon up sufficient courage to repeal the provision in the Act of 1917 which for the first time permitted those in receipt of Poor Law relief to vote both in Parliamentary and local elections. In some constituencies, it may be, the

consequences are slight. But in others, which have become seriously pauperized and by their lavish scale of relief attract the work-shy from all over the country, it is evident already that candidates for the local councils are outbidding each other by promises of yet more prodigal largess. Even those who refuse to see the economic and social danger involved cannot deny that this is electoral bribery and corruption in its simplest form, a prostitution of that sacred democratic franchise, that bulwark of our liberties, etc., about which platform orators are always ready to froth at the mouth. Only Mr. Lansbury could affect to hear a divine message in the *vox populi* of Poplar.

Truth in Politics

In the heat and hysteria generated by political polemic it is inevitable that the controversialist should sometimes be tempted to rely rather upon rhetoric than truth. The constant necessity to appeal to the crowd, which, however deficient in knowledge and judicial discernment, possesses the preponderance of votes, dangerously encourages the habit in most of those who seek popular applause. Here and there a public man of inflexible honesty stands out like a lighthouse of truth amongst the mass, who, consciously or unconsciously, strain, suppress, or pervert it to serve their purpose. Two such men, however much, or little, we may agree with their views and actions, are Mr. Baldwin and Lord Grey of Fallodon. It is impossible to conceive of either of them using words intended to have an effect not justified by the facts within his knowledge. Without disrespect to their abilities, it is unquestionable that the confidence they both enjoy rests more upon their reputation for disinterested honesty than upon any other quality. Conversely, it is a pleasing reflection that the marked loss of respect lately suffered by Mr. Lloyd George is mainly due to the realization, even amongst many of his former admirers, that the rhetorical flights, the comical quips, and the reckless accusations which roused their enthusiasm are inspired more by the wish at all costs to gain a cheer than by an austere regard for the truth.

But with his superior intelligence and his dialectical

skill, Mr. Lloyd George, when driven into a corner, can usually make some show of a wriggle and shift his ground from the simple mis-statement of fact to a more or less debatable difference of opinion. Speakers and writers in the Labour Party, on the other hand, have a fine scorn of all the laws of evidence and debate. Not a day passes that they do not utter reckless untruths for which there is no vestige of justification. Having served their purpose for the moment, they are unblushingly capped by other lies equally dishonest. Mr. Mosley, for instance, even after Mr. Baldwin's categorical denial, persisted in repeating the statement which Mr. A. J. Cook falsely attributed to the Prime Minister that all wages must come down. Faced with that explicit denial, he impertinently retorted that Mr. Baldwin could not be trusted, and continued to repeat the falsehood to gain cheap votes. The chief woman organizer of the Labour Party, Dr. Marion Phillips, speaking at Hednesford, doubtless raised cheers by the assertion that " it was a plain and unexaggerated fact that, had not a Tory majority been returned to Parliament in 1924, dozens of miners' wives and their children, now dead, would have been alive to-day, instead of being allowed to die from starvation." It is impossible to believe that an educated woman whose business it is to study the facts could have persuaded herself that by any stretch of the imagination such a statement contained a fraction of truth. Yet she made it, and doubtless scores of others equally false, with the deliberate object of creating prejudice and dishonestly gaining votes.

Next Session

THE next session of Parliament opens on February 8, and may be full of pressing business. We must as a nation pay for the mad folly of a seven months' coal stoppage, and there has been talk of the inevitability of another sixpence on the income-tax. Happily those who should know look forward to a substantial trade revival, and it will not be for want of earnest representations from both inside and outside Parliament if Mr. Churchill fails to understand the almost crushing effect of present taxation upon industry and employment. Our own expectation is

that the income-tax will not be increased, and that the national account for 1927 will be balanced by other expedients. They must, of course, involve some sacrifice, but it would be premature to enter into details at this stage. The other outstanding feature of the session of 1927 will be the Government measure to restore to the worker the right to work and the full freedom of his citizenship. A well-qualified writer discusses the problem at length in another part of this number, and we would only here say that, many and delicate as are the issues raised, the Government have no choice but to proceed with this reform. The rank and file of the Conservative Party throughout the country as represented at the Scarborough Conference and in the House are determined that the present Parliament shall not end without rectifying the abuses to which in so large a measure the industrial disasters and humiliations of 1926 were due.

Help for Agriculture

A LABOUR M.P. said the other day: "The farmer will always be well looked after when Conservatives are in power." Meant as a gibe, this was really a tribute. More than ever is it one of the highest functions of statesmanship to create conditions which will permit of a thriving agriculture, and the closing weeks of the session of 1926 may well mark the beginning of a new Conservative policy to achieve this end. The protection of foodstuffs and subsidies on arable production being out of the question, as politics now go, the Government have turned in other directions. The farmer must work out his own salvation, but Parliament can clear his path. Hence a series of remedial measures whose cumulative effect must be considerable. The new Merchandise Marks Act enables the housewife to distinguish British produce from foreign, and the British producer has now a fair field for his best effort. The continuance of the ban upon pork imported from Continental countries where foot-and-mouth disease is rife gives a new impulse to pig production at home. The abatement of agricultural rates has been stabilized, and in respect of land, as distinct from buildings, might usefully be turned into complete

abolition, for, after all, the land is the farmer's raw material. For the first time a share of the Road Fund is allotted to the maintenance as well as improvement of rural roads—a direct relief to rural rates. The new provisions relating to small and cottage holdings should afford an easier ladder for the land-worker to climb to ownership. In the country generally the shortage of working-class houses is being rapidly overtaken, but so far all housing schemes have gone over the head of the agricultural worker. They have cost too much to permit of his inevitably low rent. For his especial benefit a new Act brings the reconditioning of village cottages under subsidy: we hope that in the process care will be taken to preserve the unique and delightful characteristics of English villages. The new provisions to enforce the weighing of cattle at markets give the farmer trading sureties which he now lacks. Finally, through the Imperial Economic Committee, a direct impulse is to be provided for the improved marketing and advertising of British home produce. Mr. Guinness in his modest way told the agriculturists the other day that "Politics can do little to make the farmer's fortune." That may be, but the recent session proves that he can be helped, in many of the lesser ways, to make the best of his opportunity.

The Dominions and the Conference

THE Report of the Imperial Conference upon inter-Imperial relations has been accepted with most unusual unanimity in this country. The lack of opposition to it may, perhaps, be due less to universal approval than to the conviction that the system it defines already exists and that nothing but harm could result from any further delay in recognizing the fact. The sharpest criticism of the Report has come from the Dominions, where some of His Majesty's most loyal subjects feel, wrongly, that they have been cast adrift. The Canadian Conservative leader has challenged Mr. Mackenzie King, the Liberal Prime Minister, to take a vote of the House on the Report, and even the Toronto *Globe*, which is the chief Liberal organ of Canada, calls it " a capitulation to those elements

in the Dominions bent upon loosening, if not severing, the bonds without which the Imperial Commonwealth cannot hold together, should interests conflict or sentiment wane." Mr. Mackenzie King is within his rights, however, in pointing out that such criticism cannot be aimed at himself without hitting His Majesty's Ministers in Great Britain and in the other Dominions, who also signed the Report. The comment of a New Zealander, of the second generation, represents another current of opinion: "I believe Mr. Coates has gone beyond the utmost freedom our people accorded him. We feel we have been expatriated. It has always been our pride to consider ourselves Englishmen living in New Zealand. Now we have become New Zealanders." Such views as these, arising from a sense of injured loyalty, deserve respect, but they are overstated. The Report does not segregate the peoples of the Empire into Englishmen, Canadians, Australians and so forth; it unites them as Britons.

Secession Dropped in South Africa

THE true test of its value is not its effect upon the friends of the Empire, whose loyalty in any case stands outside the scope of any such document, but upon those who have been its enemies. From this standpoint the Report has already justified itself by the "political earthquake" it has caused in South Africa. General Hertzog, the Prime Minister, has returned to the Union convinced that South Africa's future lies within the British Commonwealth, and his party have abandoned the first article of their creed—secession. Thus the reconciliation of the Dutch and English elements in South Africa—one of the greatest achievements in the Empire's history—has been preserved from the peril which threatened it. When General Hertzog's long and unremitting hostility to the Imperial connection is recalled, it becomes clear that the Report on Imperial relations has achieved a great deal. Little divides the two great political parties in South Africa—those of General Hertzog and of General Smuts—now that the secession clause has been dropped from the Nationalists' programme. Almost the only issue of importance remaining between them is the Flag Bill.

Report credits General Hertzog with the decision to pursue his original intention to eliminate the Union Jack from the South African flag. He has not himself said so much. It is possible that he may yet find a compromise which will satisfy those South African Britons whose pride in their English descent he has admitted he now finds it possible to understand. In that event the union of the Nationalist and South African Parties would be a possibility and the future of the Union, with these major issues out of the way, should be bright indeed.

China

UNLESS one is wilfully blind to the realities of the situation in China, the latest manifestations of our Government's policy of patience and conciliation must appear lamentably misguided. If anything more were needed, after the egregious utterances of Senator Borah and Mr. Lloyd George, to promote the unconcealed objects of the Bolsheviks who finance and control the so-called Nationalist movement of the Kuo-min-tang, it has been supplied by the Foreign Office and that section of the Press which takes its views, *faute de mieux*, from Downing Street. Nothing could be more nicely calculated to play into the hands of our enemies, and to dishearten our many friends in China, than the announcement in Parliament of Sir Austen Chamberlain's instructions to H.M. Consul-General at Hankow to deal with the Cantonese authorities in a "friendly spirit." This at the very moment when General Chiang Kai-shek was proclaiming his unlawful and hostile intentions in the plainest possible words! It may have been politically expedient that H.M.'s Minister should begin his official career in China by holding "conversations" with the Cantonese Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Eugene Chen; but the publication of the official *mot d'ordre*, concerning the friendliness of his attitude, was certainly neither politic nor timely. Every Chinese politician will remember, even if the Foreign Office has forgotten, the antecedents and record of the journalist-politician who now speaks in the name of the Kuo-min-tang to the order of Comrade Borodin. When imprisoned at Peking in

May, 1917, for plotting against Tuan Chi-jui's Government, he claimed the protection of H.M.'s Legation as a British subject, and for good and sufficient reasons his claim was denied. The spectacle of H.M.'s Minister, instructed to walk delicately in the presence of Mr. Eugene Chen, is enough to convince the wavering minds of our friends among the Chinese (not to mention the Chinese population of our neighbouring Colonies) that, in the words of Mr. A. J. Cook, "Russia is going up, England is going down," and that their wisest course will be to make friends of the winning side. In their eyes our attitude of conciliation must be one of humiliation; our pliant submission to the Soviet Government's openly hostile activities can only be attributed by them to consciousness of our own weakness and of Russia's strength. Thus (to quote from the most instructive article by "Mencius Junior" in this number), by our amazing ineptitude we allow the belief to be created in the Chinese mind that we can "be made to yield up all and any property and rights we possess, provided only we are sufficiently bludgeoned." Shades of Palmerston and Dizzy!

The Cantonese Party

WHEN one considers the character and avowed aims of the men who, in open alliance with the Communists of Moscow, now direct the affairs of the Kuo-min-tang, it is difficult to account for the sympathetic, almost sentimental, attitude adopted by a considerable section of the British Press. The thought underlying this attitude seems to be that, when the Kuo-min-tang has achieved complete ascendancy in China, the moderate elements may be expected to assert themselves, and all will then be well. A fantastic idea of this kind is only possible for those who deliberately shut their eyes to all the facts of revolutionary movements and to the long history of civil wars in China. Moreover, the record of the Cantonese Government in the capital and province of Kuang-tung, where it has had a free hand for years, affords in itself sufficient proof of the futility of hoping for any effective government of the country from that quarter, even if the country were willing. As practical politicians

and skilful propagandists, the Cantonese are certainly better organized and more alert than the Northerners, but neither under Sun Yat-sen nor since his death have they ever displayed the qualities requisite to produce an honest and efficient administration. They talk impressively of racial equality, sovereign rights, and the aspirations of the people, but the immediate and obvious purpose of the men behind the Nationalist movement, the object with which they have allied themselves with the Bolsheviks, is to secure control of the Imperial Customs revenues and of the hoarded wealth of the Treaty Ports—the only spots left unlooted in the land. They have won their way to the Yangtze, practically without fighting, by means of skilful agitation, by bribing the generals in command of the troops of rival factions, and by lavish promises of largess when the foreigner shall have been deprived of his property and the protection of his Treaties; but only complete ignorance of the history and racial elements of China can justify belief in the possibility of an effective government of the whole country by the Cantonese, for whom the dislike and distrust of the Northerner are a matter of inherited instinct. If, clinging to this belief, we persist in our policy of patience and conciliation, there can be no end to the present anarchy other than the complete exhaustion of the country, the elimination of European interests, and a ruined China, exposed to the domination of one or other, or both, of her powerful neighbours.

Racial Equality

It is generally understood that certain important business houses and banks interested in the China trade have been inclined to give support to the policy of conciliation, in the hope of a cessation of the anti-British boycotts. If so, they must have overlooked two important facts. First, that graceful concessions, of the kind we have been making lately, must inevitably lead to new and wider demands. Secondly, that these will certainly include a reassertion by the Cantonese (who practically control all emigration from China overseas) of their right to claim admission, on terms of equality with other nations, as emigrants into the United States, Canada, and Australia. If the

ideas at present fashionable continue to prevail, it is not easy to see upon what grounds that claim could be resisted. It is, however, certain that neither America nor the British Dominions would ever entertain it for a moment. What then? The necessity for facing boycotts would be just as strong as ever, but their application might possibly be made easier to bear by the thought that America, for once, was sharing the White Man's Burden.

The German Cabinet Crisis

THE "egg-shell dance," as Germans call it, of Dr. Marx's Cabinet in Germany came to a sudden end when Nationalists and Socialists combined against it. However, the result was not unexpected. Indeed, it was obvious, when Sir Austen Chamberlain went to Geneva at the beginning of the month, that he would find greater difficulties than before in securing a steady development of the Locarnist policy because neither Dr. Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister, nor M. Briand, represented a consolidated Ministry at home with a reliable majority in support. It followed that both must be more cautious in their commitments than had previously been the case. In the circumstances, Sir Austen was justified in feeling satisfaction—and a considerable measure of relief—with the Geneva meeting. If the instability of the German Cabinet is now illustrated by events, there was evidence that a Cabinet crisis in France during the session of the League Council was narrowly escaped. And the direct cause was the same in both cases; namely, that German Nationalists had succeeded without the knowledge at all events of all members of the German Cabinet in securing evasions of Treaty conditions governing German armaments. The particular instance which threatened a disruption of the Geneva meeting and a break-up of M. Poincaré's Cabinet was the condition of the fortifications on Germany's eastern frontier. As in so many other cases, there is a possibility of dispute in the terms of the Treaty paragraph providing that the fortifications of Königsberg and other eastern defences shall be maintained in their "present condition."

BUT it is evident that German militarists have driven a coach-and-four through the loophole. A curious account of the discovery is given by a correspondent of the *Dépêche de Toulouse*. He says that a French officer had become engaged to a German girl of Upper Silesia and married her in the late autumn. During the honeymoon, they went to stay for a few days with the bride's parents near the eastern frontier. One afternoon the Frenchman went for a walk by himself in the neighbourhood. He seems to have walked some distance and suddenly to have stumbled—almost literally—upon some "excavations." His curiosity was aroused and he went farther. Cautious movements enabled him to discover that the locality was almost honeycombed with defence works. These were bomb-proof shelters, machine-gun nests, and concrete gun-pits. Next day he sent a report on his discovery to the Inter-Allied Mission, who proceeded to investigate. The result, according to the *Dépêche*, was that a damaging report reached M. Briand through the Ambassadors' Conference on the day before he started for Geneva. He is said to have produced it for Dr. Stresemann's edification immediately on arrival. It is a tribute to the German Minister's diplomatic ability, as well as to the confidence reposed by his Geneva colleagues in his own integrity, that they never seriously doubted his ignorance of the military party's rather childish procedure, while he himself managed to put up quite an able argument that these new constructions could be justified on a strict interpretation of the text of the Treaty.

The Consequences of a Honeymoon

THERE is a wide measure of public sympathy with the point of view of those Conservative members who in the last week of the session sought to persuade the Prime Minister that the whole apparatus of Soviet officialdom should be cleared out of this country. It does, of course, sound absurd that, while the Muscovite Government are openly intriguing against Britain and British interests wherever intrigue is possible, we should still pretend to be at least on "correct" diplomatic terms with them, and should give

Britain and Russia

them the privileges of diplomatic immunity for their agents and their dispatches. There is plenty of evidence that Moscow has consistently and deliberately broken the conditions of the 1921 Trading Agreement. Sir Austen Chamberlain himself admitted that we could justify an immediate suspension of the diplomatic relations which now exist. If the Prime Minister's reply to the Conservative deputation was nevertheless non-committal, we do not think that he or his Cabinet can be accused of pusillanimity. The breaking-off of relations *once established* is a diplomatic action, the whole history of which connotes a definite threat. The Foreign Office, which is better able than laymen to appraise the results of such actions not only upon one country, but upon a whole network of inter-connected relationships, is rightly loth to use a weapon unless the effect is certain and limited to the purposes in view. Is it certain that the Bolshevik leaders really dread the shutting down of Chesham House and the withdrawal of Sir R. M. Hodgson from Moscow as much as seems in some quarters to be supposed? Circumstances may arise in which such action on the part of Britain will be much more immediately inconvenient to them, especially if it is accompanied by particularly damaging evidence of their deliberate breach of civilized conventions. In the meantime, the weapon is held in reserve. They do not know when it will be used; they only know that public opinion would support it, if it had to be used, just because the British Government have shown exemplary patience in respect of it. M. Chicherin has quite sufficient diplomatic experience to appreciate the value to us and the inconvenience to him of what Mr. Baldwin called "the waiting game."

Lloyd George and Grey Liberals

THE position in the Liberal Party has not been settled as a result of the dinner given to Mr. Vivian Phillipps at the Hotel Cecil on December 13. Mr. Phillipps is the chairman of the party organization, and if the plans for the financing of the Party out of Mr. Lloyd George's fund were carried out, he would be deposed from his position. Naturally his friends took umbrage at this. Lord Grey

of Fallodon, who was in the chair at the dinner, is the leader to whom the anti-Lloyd Georgians now look for guidance. But he does not seek the leadership himself. His view is that there is no more need to elect a leader now than there was when Lord Rosebery resigned the leadership. The position is accordingly that Mr. Lloyd George is the chairman of the Liberal Members of Parliament in the House of Commons—and an influential section of them vote as they please, without respect to his wishes—but he is not the leader of the party. Furthermore, Lord Grey and his friends are opposed to the resuscitation of the Shadow Cabinet, which would mean co-operation round a table with Mr. Lloyd George. They dislike his policy and recent speeches.

Liberal Dissensions

LORD GREY'S advice to those who object to Mr. Lloyd George's leadership is to continue their work for Liberalism, and not dwell on their differences, but to have nothing to do with Mr. Lloyd George's fund. He pointed out that such a fund, enormous in amount, and controlled by one man, was a new feature in our public life, and a very disturbing factor. It seems improbable that the Grey Liberals will start a separate organization, comparable to Mr. Lloyd George's Land and Nation League, but they will hold together, and get as many candidates as possible of their own way of thinking adopted by local associations. The position has been reversed since 1923, when, under the shadow of Protection, Lord Oxford and his supporters united with Mr. Lloyd George and the former Coalition Liberals. Then Mr. Lloyd George was in a minority in the Party, and his restoration was like a prodigal's return. But in three years he has become the dominant figure owing to his energy, and especially to his fund. Lord Grey showed conclusively that Lord Oxford was not responsible for the fact that the forced unity of 1923 had not been a success. Then came the General Strike, and the "excommunication" of Mr. Lloyd George. The latter refused to attend a Shadow Cabinet meeting, and wrote a letter to Lord Oxford explaining his views which was, in Lord Grey's opinion, tantamount to resignation. Though it was clearly Mr. Lloyd George's action which began the breach, a majority

of the rank and file sided with him in the matter, and Lord Oxford resigned, leaving him more or less in possession of the field, and the Grey Liberals in a defensive position. There the matter rests for the moment. The best the Lloyd George Liberals can hope for, after their pyrrhic triumph, is to hold enough seats after the next General Election, mainly in the county divisions, to make it worth the while of the Labour Party to bargain with them. In that case they would eventually, it is thought, merge into the Socialists, and the Grey Liberals, who believe in the old Liberal doctrine of individual liberty and private enterprise, might find themselves driven to act with the Conservatives. They would, it is not too much to say, prefer the leadership of a man like Mr. Baldwin to that of a man like Mr. Lloyd George, whose instability and opportunism are quite alien to their tastes.

Canberra

EARLY in the New Year H.M.S. *Renown* is to sail from Portsmouth bearing the Duke and Duchess of York upon their tour to Australia and New Zealand. The main purpose of the Duke's voyage is to preside over the ceremony at Canberra in May, when the new Capital of the Commonwealth is to be inaugurated. The task of creating a capital city in a day, as it were, in order to meet the needs of a young but rapidly developing land, has an especial interest to those who live in a city that has been moulded by the slow process of centuries. Canberra is as yet far from complete, and its present appearance recalls that of Wembley on the opening day.

Their Royal Highnesses will visit New Zealand during February and March. Less than sixty years have passed since the first Royal progress thither, and on that occasion the Duke of Edinburgh was not able to see certain parts of the country where the Maoris were still in revolt. On the present occasion the welcome of the Maoris to the Royal visitors will be as enthusiastic as any the Duke and Duchess will receive from an intensely loyal population. The changes that have been wrought in the condition of New Zealand during the last half century bear ample witness to the colonizing genius of the British race.

Peace and Goodwill

By J. Havelock Wilson, C.B.E.

(President of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union)

On the threshold of a New Year the minds of men and women of all positions, creeds, and classes relax from business, political and other disturbing cares of this workaday world to review life from the charitable aspect of their relationship one with another. It is a great pity that this general communion of peace and goodwill exists but for a fraction of the year and is lost when our aims and passions might be tempered not only with reason and justice but with that benevolence of thought and action without which the world would indeed be poor. The establishment of peace and goodwill rests upon the foundations of regard for each other's views and failings, and if we are to secure and maintain harmonious relations in industry, it is necessary, whatever form of government we live under, to cultivate that beneficent atmosphere under which petty discords vanish.

This prelude comes from one who in the past was regarded as a stormy petrel in the labour world. In the days following the "Industrial Revolution" due to the discovery of the power of steam, the advance in mechanical appliances and the wonderful growth of enterprise, labour, confronted with organization and capital, required a redress which could only be secured by constant agitation for recognition of sound trade union principles. The progress of industry was, perhaps, too rapid for an equal advance in the conditions of the workers.

Half a century is a far cry in the span of a man's life, and at that period I was seized with the idea that the conditions of employment on ships were far from satisfactory. This was due, not entirely to shipowners, but also to somewhat misplaced zeal on the part of legislators. As long ago as 1850 the seamen were a

well-organized body of men, and they, like the trade unionists of to-day, allowed their zeal to overrun their discretion. The result was inevitable; they disregarded economic laws, and were defeated. Thereupon they decided that trade unionism was either not good or rapid enough to win the conditions they desired, and they looked to their emancipation through legislation. Round about 1854 they invoked Parliament in order to secure freedom from the evils which beset them.

From 1854 to 1876 the Seamen's Trade Unionist Movement was practically a dead letter. Many local societies rendered help to seamen, but none was effective owing to their migratory character and the difficulties due to their frequent changes of address. By 1887, largely owing to legislative restrictions, they were little better than slaves. As a consequence of the conditions then prevailing, there came into existence the National Amalgamated Sailors' and Firemen's Union. The shipowners did not take this movement seriously, as previous attempts at organization had not succeeded. From 1887 to 1889 the seamen's movement grew rapidly, and the men, realizing the power of concerted action, and the astounding change in their conditions under trade unionism, imposed in their zeal such terms as were intolerable. This brought into existence a powerful organization of shipowners, which in course of time, reduced the Seamen's Union to impotence. For twenty-five years it remained in a moribund state.

Between 1909 and 1911 the seamen started a return to trade union principles. When I revived the seamen's movement, hundreds of men asked me whether it would mean continual disputes with employers and consequent privation to themselves and their families. I made the solemn promise that negotiations would not be conducted in such a manner as to inflict a succession of hardships upon the men; their salvation and increased well-being would be secured by the cultivation of friendly relations with the shipowners which would lead to benefits without the dread arbitrament of strikes and sacrifices. The result of this policy was gratifying, inasmuch as marked benefits were secured, not only to the men I represented, but to the shipping industry as well. We satisfied the

shipowners that we were in earnest and that contracts would be loyally carried out, and it was clear that they responded to our attitude.

It was not plain sailing to establish such relationships. It called for the exercise of great patience over a series of years and faith that the policy was upon the right lines. Time and time again my attention was called to individual cases of alleged aggression on the part of shipowners, but getting down to bed-rock, I invariably found that these were the result of suspicion and were capable of being arranged with justice to both sides. There were cases in which the shipowners' attitude required careful negotiations, but, reviewing the nine years of peace, I am convinced that courage, patience, and forbearance have won much for the men whom I served that could never have been achieved by dragging them through the miseries of an industrial dispute. Matters could be justly settled by the exercise of wise negotiation.

I have sketched my life's work, I hope, without egotism, and as an example of what could be accomplished in other trades, where the same principles and rules apply. One point upon which emphasis must be laid is the selection of the right type of man to put the workers' cases before the employers. I have heard a good deal of diplomatic service, but my experience leads me to the belief that, if ever it is required, it is in the negotiations between capital and labour. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," whilst a blend of humour with justice is often more efficacious than reliance upon legal subtlety, brilliant oratory, or an assumption of Napoleonic aggressiveness. The workers have in the end to pay for daring resistance and precipitating quarrels.

The assumption of the labour extremists has soared so high that they might think the sun has risen to hear them crow. Their action leads to blind and passionate resistance in which the original matter in dispute is often lost sight of. During the past few years wild and costly disputes have raged upon issues which at bottom were fundamentally small and capable of adjustment without the loss of a single day's work. It is estimated that from 1906 to September, 1926 (a period of twenty years and nine months) the aggregate duration in working

days of all disputes in progress amounted to 141,374,000. Is there any justification for such a colossal waste of energy and sacrifice? The general strike and coal strike cost the country from £400,000,000 to £500,000,000 of money, the largest proportion of which would otherwise have found its way as wages into the pockets of the workers. The strike was fomented by extremists whose main objective was political rather than the well-being of the workers.

Sound trade union leaders whirled in the maelstrom of this politico-industrial agitation now sadly realize that they have travelled along the wrong road. I warned them that they were misguided, but my voice was as that of one crying in the wilderness of trade union doubt. To-day they are compelled to witness the sorry spectacle of ruin and disruption. At last, I hope, they will realize that the honest test of trade unionism is the betterment of the conditions of the workers, and that they should not be diverted from pursuance of that object by their political aims and shibboleths.

It is my earnest wish that the unions will rise Phœnix-like from their ashes purged of those misguided ideas the prosecution of which has wrung the hearts of many thousands of workers throughout the land. During the past few years our industrial life has been transformed. The sacrifices of sincere labour leaders have now made the representation of labour equal to that of organized capital. Strikes and lock-outs are the blundering weapons of a past age. The worker has the right to withhold his labour, but the employer has the right to ask that contracts entered into should be faithfully kept. Trade unionism has entered upon a wider and wiser phase demanding for its leaders such co-operation with employers as will find expression in increased trade, greater employment, greater security, and greater spending power. Can all this be attained? It surely can, and out of the chaos of industrial strife I hope and trust ideas will be born by which our workers can thrive and prosper. But what of the means to this end?

The Industrial Peace Union of the British Empire which has held over eighteen meetings since its inception in September last, seeks to create an atmosphere whereby

the beneficence of industrial negotiations can be successfully secured and maintained. The demonstrations held throughout the country conclusively prove that the working people of the land desire freedom from vexatious and costly disputes. There are a number of factors, political and otherwise, which have to be fought and overcome before peace in industry can be established. Whilst they are active, they are a constant menace to the well-being of labour.

The Industrial Peace Union's sole object is to promote permanent peace in industry based upon justice and sympathy, to foster a spirit of fellowship and co-operation between employers and employed, and to work for the improvement and greater security of the conditions of industry and the maintenance of a satisfactory standard of living. The first aim is to cleanse the soil which has been tainted by the virus of imported political conceptions. When a proper atmosphere has been created, the many schemes which have been discussed can be considered. With this object I have laboured to establish the aims of the Industrial Peace Union and in a short time have seen gratifying results.

On such lines this country can look forward to increased prosperity in which the workers will share to the full. The British worker is still the best in the world. Our country is still remarkably rich in resources calling for the co-operation of brain and brawn to convert them into wealth. Our Dominions hold treasures of dormant wealth beyond the dreams of avarice; they only need enterprise, capital, direction and labour to maintain the pulsating life and progress of the greatest nation that history has known. May the blessings of Almighty God rest upon the judgment of those who have been elected as the leaders of men and the representatives of industries! Upon them lies the serious responsibility of the maintenance and well-being of the people of this land.

Trade Union Law Amendment

By E. T. Good

In framing its Trade Union Law Amendment Bill the Government, it is to be hoped, will keep the cardinal facts in true focus and proceed with courage and consistency. It is essential that the nature of the problem to be tackled shall be clearly understood. Much of the trouble as regards minority ballots, dishonestly manipulated ballots, broken agreements, mad strikes, picketing abuses, and tyranny, is due to past legislation. The need for revision is imperative; but care as well as courage is necessary in making the revision.

The trade union ballot constitutes the most difficult and the most misunderstood point in the problem of reform. The evils of picketing, of broken contracts, of immunity from penalties and so forth are fairly well appreciated; but the ballot methods and consequences are not properly recognized. When the idea of secret and compulsory trade union ballots was first urged upon the Government, there was a disposition to have the matter embodied in the forthcoming Bill; but in the last few weeks various legal authorities have submitted such objections to the proposed controlled or compulsory ballot that the measure may be launched without any voting reform on board. The Bill may be limited to amendments of the law dealing with the political levy, picketing, and the matter of liabilities for damages, or breaches of contract. Even so, the measure will be weighty and controversial; but as an old trade unionist I regard the ballot as the supreme point in the trade union problem.

We have extremist leaders elected, rules altered, strikes declared, agreements broken, and even revolutionary political moves made, on small minority ballots, and sometimes on dishonestly manipulated ballots. We have had it proved in Court that officials have gone so far as to fill up ballot papers themselves in favour of their own policy, and that papers filled up by members have been burned. We have witnessed a general strike, and a national mining strike, declared without any sort of ballot or consultation of the workmen involved. We have

seen a great trade union political campaign carried on for years on no better authorization than that of a scandalously "faked" ballot. Please let me explain.

At the recent Labour Party Conference the Boilermakers' Union was represented by an avowed Communist, elected by no more than 2,500 votes from about 80,000 members.

As I write, something like this is happening: A miners' branch with 1,000 members; 300 have returned to work disgusted with Federation policy; a meeting is called to take a vote; of the 700 members remaining out, 100 attend the meeting, and after a misleading speech by an agitator, there is a vote by show of hands. That vote of 100 out of a total membership of 1,000—the vote of a small minority of wild men, probably mostly youths with no family responsibilities—is counted as a full branch vote in favour of the extreme policy.

At no stage in the 1926 mining dispute did the miners have anything like a proper ballot.

When the leaders desired some show of authority for their nationalization scheme just after the war, they took a dishonest ballot. They put four questions on the papers, but allowed only a single "yes" or "no" to cover the lot. A man could not vote against "direct action" to force State ownership and make himself a State servant without, by the same mark, voting against better wages, against improved working conditions, and even against "justice for discharged soldiers"! On that fraudulent ballot the leaders conducted their raging propaganda, squandered union funds, and seriously upset the political and industrial life of the nation. It has been admitted in a public Press article by no less a miners' leader than Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, M.P., that neither he nor his colleagues knew whether the miners desired nationalization or not, or whether, indeed, the men understood the meaning of nationalization.

A few months ago the Marine Workers' Union took a ballot. It was proved in Court that an official filled in a batch of papers on the basis of five votes for the official policy and one against, and that some papers which had been voted on by the members were put on the fire.

On a recent occasion the votes of 50,000 men in the

Engineers' Union out of a membership of 400,000—one in eight of one union—served to break a notable industrial treaty and embroil fifty other unions in a serious and costly struggle.

I know a branch of the Railwaymen's Union with 500 members. When it took that momentous ballot on " direct action " against the State, when the Government was controlling the railways, the extremists attended in full force, as usual. There were twenty-six of them. Only two moderate members put in an appearance, even on that occasion. One of them, a many years' member and a very aged man, ventured to speak against the extreme policy. He was howled down and insulted. The vote of twenty-six to two was counted as a full 500-member vote for " direct action," and on that small minority vote, and like votes in other branches, we had a national railway strike. Incidentally, the honesty of Labour leaders may be measured by the fact that one of the representatives of the railwaymen in Parliament told the House of Commons that the men were "absolutely united and determined in their policy." Not ten per cent. had voted for the " policy."

I have known important trade matters in the ship-building industry, directly affecting over 100,000 skilled workers, decided by the votes of 3,000 members—the minority of wild men.

Such is the position. What is the remedy ? I have frequently suggested through the Press that the remedy is a secret and compulsory ballot on all strike and other major trade union issues. Trade unions enjoy legal status. They hold, indeed, an extremely privileged position. They have abused their powers and privileges. Their policy is a national concern. Their actions are of public consequence. These organizations ought, therefore, to submit to reasonable regulation. The trade union ballot, so important to the welfare of men and industries, ought to be as secret and honest as the Parliamentary franchise. As the bulk of the members will not attend branch meetings, owing to the speeches and actions of the minority of extremists who practically monopolize the platform; as, indeed, the rooms would not accommodate a majority of the members if they

tried to attend, I have suggested that the State should demand secret ballots; that the State should provide post-free envelopes for ballot papers to be sent to every member at his home, and for return of the papers after voting; that the issues be placed fairly and squarely on the papers; and that the counting of the votes be done under State supervision. This plan has been challenged, and I admit there is some force in the challenge.

There is not only opposition to the principle of State interference with the internal management of trade unions, as with industrial enterprises, but there is an idea that such a scheme as I have advocated might defeat its own object, which is the promotion of industrial peace. The opposition contention is that union ballots are purely union affairs; that if the majority fail to exercise their voting rights, choose to let the wild minority govern, and squander funds, the majority must abide by the consequences of their apathy; and that if the ballots were regulated, or ordered, or in any way legalized, the outcome would be a stiffening of trade union policy; that negotiating power would be taken from the responsible leaders; that deadlock would result from the legalized ballots; that strikes might be prolonged.

Some employers contend that they prefer to deal with leaders who have powers to compromise, if and when particular points arise, or the nature of a dispute has been modified, rather than have to meet delegates armed and fortified by State-controlled ballots which would set limits to negotiating, or settlement powers. It is further represented that if the compulsory ballot is decided upon, highly complex problems of administration may arise. Such questions as the following will have to be settled: When a ballot is taken, shall it be confined to the members of one union, or shall it be spread over members of other unions, and over non-unionists—over all the men engaged in the particular industry? Shall it be extended to all the men and women likely to be involved in the dispute? If a majority votes for certain action, shall the minority be coerced? Shall settlements as well as votes be compulsory?

On the point about a State-controlled ballot weakening

the negotiating power of the union officials, and so stiffening the labour side, it may be observed that never in our industrial history have we had such obstinacy on the part of labour leaders as that displayed in the 1926 coal dispute, by leaders who assumed full powers without any sort of reference to the rank and file. Those leaders were bound by no ballot, but they set up an attitude of unprecedented stubbornness. It is a fair assumption to say that if the owners' terms, the Coal Commission scheme, and the Government offer had been submitted to the working miners, by fair and square and secret ballot, the dispute would have been shortened, if not avoided, and the Miners' Federation would have preserved its negotiating power on national lines, and its true trade union status. Furthermore, the bad feeling engendered between labour and the Government, between workers and employers, between miners and leaders, and between miners and miners—between those who thought it their duty to stand loyal to the Federation at all costs, and those who felt justified in breaking away—nearly all this bitterness might have been avoided. The men never had a chance of expressing a democratic or considered opinion, and the leaders adopted a high-handed policy from start to finish. The experiences of the 1926 miners' strike, and of the "general strike," dwarf the objections to the secret and controlled ballot into insignificance.

There is also this big consideration: With unions officered by "minority movement" leaders, free to take "minority" ballots, and free so to set the questions that fair and square verdicts cannot be recorded, the real workers are misrepresented, or ignored, industrial peace is prejudiced, and trade unionism is prostituted by "red" politics.

Such questions as whether the suggested regulated ballot shall be confined to the members of one union, or extended to the other unions involved, and whether it shall be limited to trade union members or extended to all the workers implicated, non-union as well as union men—these need to depend on the circumstances of the case, and should be remitted to a tribunal as they arise. For this purpose we need the National Industrial Council

I ventured to propose twenty years ago, with the addition of representatives of the Ministry of Labour. Let the Council be composed of equal numbers of representatives of employers, workers, and the Government Department, with a small executive composed of like proportions to decide how the ballots shall be conducted as regards questions to be placed on the papers, the stages of disputes at which ballots shall be taken, and whether the voting be limited to trade union members or extended to the non-unionists involved, and whether confined to one section or several sections of labour. For instance, a mining labour ballot might be limited to miners, though the dispute indirectly affects other trades; but in the engineering and shipbuilding industries, where we have forty or fifty unions, a ballot on a major and comprehensive issue should be made to cover all the men directly involved, and a ballot on a purely sectional matter limited to the particular section. Only the broad principles need be laid down by Act of Parliament. Administrative details should be left to experts with the facts of the moment and the case before them.

Finally, there arises the question of applying the verdict of the proposed legalized and controlled ballot. If a majority of miners vote to reject coalowners' terms, shall the minority be forced to remain on strike? Shall the owners be obliged to keep their pits idle until a majority of their men vote, by State-controlled ballot, in favour of return to work? I think so. I hold that in our present highly-developed industrialism, where no man or section of men is entitled to go flatly in the face of the decisions of the majority, the fate of an industry, or the settlement of an industrial dispute, should be decided by the majority just as the fate of an alleged murderer is settled by the majority of a jury.

If it is objected that this brings us up to the point of compulsory arbitration, my reply is this: Civilization itself depends on laws of compulsion, tempered by limited degrees of individual liberty; but on general grounds I have always opposed compulsory arbitration in labour disputes; and I suggest that if, after all the full and fair consideration proposed in this article, the verdict of a considered and honest and secret ballot has been recorded, the trade or section affected must, in the

bulk, submit to the verdict. But we need not go the whole way to compulsory arbitration by coercing any dissatisfied minority, for any workman still discontented will be free to leave the industry, and any employer seriously aggrieved will be at liberty to sell his works and clear out of the business. The world is wide, and opportunities are more numerous than ever they were. No industry should be held up by the stubbornness of a faction of either employers, workmen, or labour leaders.

To turn now to other aspects of trade union reform, the position seems more simple. Twenty years ago, and again thirteen years back, trade unions were granted exceptional privileges which they have abused, and the claim that they be brought back within the common law of the land is unanswerable. If it is contended that the Government of to-day has no mandate to alter trade union law, the obvious retort is that the Government of 1906–13 had no mandate to grant trade unions wide privileges outside the scope of the established law. The new political and legally-privileged trade unionism has become a labour tyranny, an industrial blight, and a national danger. We have men insulted and injured because they will not obey the dictates of revolutionary agitators; we have women and children terrorized, even in their homes, by hooligan bullies because their fathers, sons, or brothers venture to exercise the right to work; we have machinery slow-timed, production rendered unduly costly, and our national competitive powers impaired by rules and policies made by extremists out deliberately to ruin our industrial system; we have agreements broken wholesale, and entire industries dislocated by false and wicked men elected to office on minority ballots, acting without authorization, and we have a special law on the Statute Book exempting these men from liability.

In section 4 of the Trades Disputes Act of 1906 we have such a provision as has never been carried by the Parliament of any self-respecting community. It reads that "an action against a trade union . . . in respect of any tortious act alleged to have been committed by or on behalf of the trade union, shall not be entertained by any Court." That was carried without mandate, without any sort of recommendation by any Royal Commission

or impartial body, but in flat opposition to the report of a Royal Commission. It was a piece of disgraceful party political huxtering. The Government of the day went against its own considered judgment, and reversed its own decision in less than half a week, in order to buy Labour votes for an entirely different measure.

In 1901 the famous Taff Vale case was tried. The final decision of the highest legal tribunal in the country, the House of Lords, demonstrated that the law made a trade union, like any other body, liable to damages for tortious acts. The union in the case had induced men to break contracts and interfere with traffic by picketing and other unlawful means. A fine of £23,000 was imposed.

A few years later, when a flaccid Government obtained office, and some forty "Labour" members were returned to the House of Commons, a Royal Commission was set up to inquire into trade union law. All the facts were set out. All possible evidence was taken. It was reported that the Taff Vale decision should not be undone, and that "no law was so elementary, so universal, or so indispensable as the rule that a wrongdoer should redress his wrong." The agitators' claim that unions should have licence to break contracts without penalty was declared to be "opposed to the very idea of law and order and justice." The Government framed its Trade Union Bill on those lines, defended it on those grounds, and then only two days after a notable speech by its Attorney-General, laying down the principles of law and order and justice, the Prime Minister, Campbell-Bannerman, surrendered to the agitators' clamour, turned his measure almost upside down and inside out, and the Bill was carried with the above infamous clause. Trade unions were lifted above the ordinary law of the land. After twenty years' experience of the abuse of their privileges, the duty of the Government of to-day is clear and unmistakable.

In the matter of picketing the law is equally unjust, the policy of trade unions is equally scandalous, and the duty of the Government is equally obvious. Picketing was legalized under strict conditions by the Act of 1875. Peaceful persuasion was allowed, and not deemed to be "watching or besetting within the meaning" of the law; but it was provided that a penalty up to £20 fine, or up to

three months' imprisonment, with or without hard labour, might be imposed on any person who, with a view to compelling another person to abstain from work, "uses violence to or intimidates such other person or his wife or children, or injures his property; or persistently follows such other person about from place to place; or hides his tools, clothes, or other property owned or used by such other person, or deprives him of or hinders him in the use thereof; or watches or besets the house or other place where such other person resides or carries on business or happens to be, or the approach of such house or place; or follows such other person with two or more persons in a disorderly manner in or through any street or road."

The Royal Commission of 1906 had cases before them in which that law had been defied. An amendment was recommended. The claim of the trade unions in the matter of picketing was declared to have "overwhelming" evidence against it. Nevertheless, the Government of the day put in the Trades Disputes Act the following: "It shall be lawful for one or more persons, acting . . . on behalf of a trade union . . . in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute, to attend at or near a house or place where a person resides or works . . . merely for the purpose of peacefully, etc., etc." That law of 1906 has been far more abused than was the law of 1875. A Miners' Federation official has told the men in one county that if they "dared to return to work," he would march down upon them 50,000 men from another county. Another official has declared that any man opposing the policy of the Federation in one district shall never be allowed to work in another. Men who have dared to oppose the extreme policy of the Federation have had their houses whitewashed, their windows broken, their families terrified, and they themselves have been "white shirt paraded" in public, beaten with sticks, and thrown into ponds and rivers. There is no foreign country disgraced with such trade union laws—or negation of laws—as Great Britain. There is no other country where trade union leaders are immune from penalties for damages they cause or order. There is no other country that suffers so many strikes or so many trade union restrictions on industry. It is time for trade union reform and for trade union law amendment of no half-hearted nature.

The Soviet *versus* the Powers in China

By Mencius Junior

[*This article, sent to us from Peking by a Chinese, follows that by the same writer we published in September last, "A Chinese View of English Culture." He presents a more comprehensive review of the situation in China than has so far appeared in the English Press, and emphasizes the danger of the policy of inaction inaugurated by the Washington Agreements. The facts stated, present and historical, cannot be denied. Of even greater interest at this juncture is the definite outline of a practical policy in the concluding pages.*—ED. E.R.]

DURING the past century Manchu and Chinese foreign diplomacy was always based upon the known jealousies of the European and other Powers, whose interests were played off one against the other, by succeeding Manchu and Chinese statesmen. Of the latter-day exponents of this creed H.E. Li Hung Chang probably carried its tenets to a finer point than any of his predecessors, but with his death in 1901 no statesman of equal ability was left to carry on the burden of perpetually guarding the country from foreign aggression. Since the advent of the Chinese Government and the gradual disappearance of all Manchu-trained statesmen, we have had no politically-educated public servants capable of upholding the position of China in the eyes of a watchful and all too aggressive world.

Latterly the chaos created by the gradual usurpation of governmental powers by the ever-increasing hoards of militarists, and, equally by the Soviet-subsidized radical element, has led to the alienation in a great measure of those sympathetic feelings evinced by the greater nations towards China. This has taken the form of a steadily marked retreat from the position they once held, and a corresponding advance from the North of a flood of the most disintegrating influences it is possible to conceive.

The great military factions, utterly unable themselves to carry on any diplomatic policy with the representatives of the Powers, have had recourse to the services of a small and venal class of foreign-educated returned

students, who, in order to benefit themselves, have come forward and, whilst doing nothing to prevent the active machinations and interferences of Russian agents in China, have offended the greater Powers. Thus they place the country in jeopardy of losing the only safeguards which still remain against the eventual division of the land by the Asiatic Powers, it being generally admitted that nothing we can do ourselves without foreign aid will safeguard us against pressure from the north and east.

Both parties—militarists and radicals—are out for the spoils of office, particularly for the revenues arising from the Customs' collections. That neither party care the least for the people is best shown by the constant robberies, seizures, illegal taxes, murderings and kidnapping of the common people by the representatives of both sides. Each side seizes the railways, merchant ships, and means of communication at will, utterly regardless of the country's good name or the people's trade and means of livelihood, and each side seems firmly convinced that the Powers, no less than the Chinese people, can be made to yield up all and any property and rights they possess, provided only they are sufficiently bludgeoned.

That there is some justification for this belief on their part is evidenced by the amazing manner in which certain Powers yield up their greatest treaty rights, which rights, having mainly to do with the carrying on of trade in the country, have afforded many of us in the past a greater measure of security than any which we have been able to arrange for our own protection. During the past eighteen months, when Russian propaganda and Soviet-subsidized efforts have been at their zenith, the protection afforded us in foreign settlements has been so marked that land values within them have doubled and trebled and are still rising.

In all other countries the diplomatic representatives, ministers, and attachés of the Powers mingle and mix with representatives of the banking, commercial, cultural, social, and educative communities of the country to which they are accredited, and endeavour by this means to get a wide view of the actual pulse of the people. Unfortunately this is not the case in China, and no Minister, with the exception of the Russian, meets anyone save the small band of officials who take the militarists'

money and serve their ends, nor do any of the representatives of the Powers ever meet the ordinary Chinese people socially, as none of the treaty port or Peking clubs permits Chinese membership; nor is there any common meeting-place other than in the stilted atmosphere of the Foreign Office and the various Chancelleries. Also, for some unknown reason, the American, British, and French Legations keep their chief trade attachés at Peking, where trade and commerce are non-existent, and where these officials have no opportunity of meeting the great industrialists, bankers, or commercial community who, as a rule, are wise enough not to leave the security of the treaty ports.

It is quite safe to say that, if the Powers know little of China, the average Chinese knows even less of the Powers, and certainly not half a million people in the country are yet awake to the danger which threatens us from without, by reason of the actions of the more realistic of the Powers.

The Great Powers, from our point of view, fall naturally into two main categories which may be called the Idealists and Realists. In the first, and in the first place in that class, comes the United States of America, Great Britain following closely in her lead, and being supported by certain other of the European Powers, whose trade is such with China that, whatever happens, they have little to lose and less to gain by any positive action. In the second class fall Russia, Japan, and perhaps France, but certainly Russia, whose eastern expansionist policy dates from the middle of the year A.D. 1580, from which time onward no obstacle has been permitted to check her eastward march in Asia.

Taking them in their order, the U.S.A. has had, ever since the beginning of the last century, a fixed policy of non-aggression in China, and has persisted in maintaining a negative attitude, confining her action to diplomatic measures when necessary. She has obtained no permanent territorial concessions in the country, has invested little, if any, capital in the development of the railways or public utilities, and is content for her nationals to live in the settlements of other nations in the treaty ports. She confines her main efforts to missionary work in the interior, not always choosing the best of her people for this work, and often permitting

them to take part in politics to an extent unknown by other nationals, but otherwise not interfering in any degree with the country. Unfortunately, however, she, like the rest, recognizes the dominance of the war lords and radicals, and has little knowledge of the needs and aspirations of the people.

The United States has shown in her colonization efforts in the Philippines that she has little imagination or flair in the governance of peoples who differ widely from Anglo-Saxons in their outlooks on life. Too materialist to appreciate the benefit of a strong spiritual outlook, she has so fashioned her policy in the Islands that the people there can no longer compete in the open markets in Asia. In the main the doctrines preached by her cultural elements in China are similar and, if taken up by the people generally, would probably result in wholesale disaster. Her statesmen are constantly giving publicity to sentiments of the loftiest idealism towards this country, but no American statesman has yet made it his business to inquire into the actual necessities of the vast bulk of the people; all accept the crude verbosities of the English-speaking radical elements as being the voice of China, regardless of the reports from their own Consular officials and business men resident in the country.

Before the war of 1914–18 Great Britain belonged to the aggressive and realist category, but events since the Washington Conference show that country in a new rôle, as a follower of the doctrines of the U.S.A. How long this will last no one here can tell, but it is generally admitted that Great Britain is feeling the results of Russian interference in her domestic affairs, either directly or indirectly, only less than ourselves.

The radical elements here, together with the Soviet officials, are at the present time engaged in a campaign having for its ultimate object the total elimination of all the rights, privileges, and finally the trading and financial connection of the British in China.

This policy, which is in direct contradiction to that of our greatest statesmen in the past, has been embarked upon, in order, if possible, to eliminate British influences in East Asia, forgetful of the fact that, once the influence and the restraining efforts of the European Powers are removed, China will be entirely unprotected from the territorial aggression of Powers whose nearness to her

frontiers and land-hunger make them infinitely more to be dreaded than the somewhat blundering efforts of British statesmen to maintain an open market for British trade.

We suffer no delusions regarding the British efforts here, having seen the colonies she has built up, mainly with our aid, in the Straits and Hong-Kong, and we recognize that, if her settlements do infringe upon our sovereignty, as theoretically undoubtedly they do, yet trade being a partnership affair, whilst benefiting herself in the main, she has benefited us also. We have only to visit the Tientsin British Concession to know how our banking community feel on the subject, as the increasing number of Chinese banking offices established testifies.

Including the moneys invested in the Concessions, in Hong-Kong, in the vast number of China companies, in steamship lines, river flotillas, railways, factories, properties and business concerns, the total invested British capital exceeds on the last available figures seven hundred and fifty million pounds, which constitutes a greater stake in the land than any held by any other country, and as Britain endeavours to protect this by the efforts of her navy, it stands to reason that this holding does constitute in some measure an effective safeguard against the absorption of the country by a Power whose desires or necessities are mainly territorial.

Up till the expiration of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, Britain's policy here was a forward one, but since that Treaty expired she has been content to sit back, withdrawing her efforts to such a degree as to invite incursions by Soviet-influenced radicals and their Russian friends.

So far as the British communities established in China are concerned, they are under no delusions as to the ultimate success of Russian action here, but the Home Government, entirely disregarding the events of the past five years in the outer territories, would seem to labour under the belief that eventually the radicals will discard their ally's assistance and be able to govern the country as a sovereign Power.

Of the other Powers included under the first category, Belgium and Germany alone have invested any considerable sums in China, and the latter, having been deprived of extra-territoriality by reason of the outcome

of the late war, besides being very fully occupied in Europe, is not likely to be an aggressor in China for some years to come. Holland does a small trade with South China, but has not invested any considerable capital here, and Belgium, whilst she has built several railways and financed certain loans, has not sufficient interest in the country to warrant any fear of possible eventualities. Also she has been marked out by the militarist controlling North China as a suitable Power to be compelled to relinquish her special privileges, and unless she can obtain help from the other Powers her position here will soon be of little consequence.

Italy has certain concessions and might perhaps endeavour to obtain more, if for any reason the Fascist Government desired Eastern possessions, as certain indications have led us to suppose recently. But at present neither her trade nor her financial stake in the country warrant any apprehension from her.

Turning to the second category, over and above all other nations, the shadow of Russia looms most darkly upon us, by reason, not alone of what has happened in the past four centuries, but of what is happening now in every province and territory.

Soothed by the apparent wishfulness of the Soviet to treat us upon a basis of absolute equality soon after the termination of the anti-revolutionary war in Siberia, and led away by the specious promises of Mr. Joffe, our militarists fell an easy prey to the cunning of the Soviet diplomats, who permitted no regard for truth to hinder them in agreeing to meet our national aspirations in every way and to regard the sacredness of our territory.

Actually, as we now know, even before the Treaty was first discussed, Russian agents were busy in the New Dominion, in Uliassitai, and all of Outer Mongolia, plotting, scheming, and laying the foundations of an extension of the Soviet system, whilst others interested in trade, mining, and commerce were making themselves acquainted with the economical possibilities of the regions.

Within three years of 1920, events had reached a stage sufficiently advanced to permit Russia to throw off the cloak of pretence and to administer the territory of Uliassitai, upon the head-waters of the Yennesei, as a part of Siberia, flooding the country with her gold-miners

and timber-getters, whilst her treaty with Outer Mongolia permitted her to take a free hand in that vast territory and to compel the Mongols to obey the orders of the Russian Agent in Urga, who became in fact, if not in form, the Viceroy of the Moscow Government in Mongolia.

Taking advantage of the disordered state of the country, and the lack of any efficient means of communication with Peking or the coast, Russian agents began to work in the New Dominion, Sungaria, Ili, and the far western territories, to induce the trade of that district to move north and west into Siberia, from its usual channel south and east into China, and during the past two years, the same policy has been pressed home regarding Eastern Mongolia, where the vast trade that formerly found egress through China via Kalgan, Tatungfu, and Kweihua Hsien has now been almost wholly diverted into the Chinese Eastern Railway route to Vladivostock and Russian territory via Hailar and Manchuli.

To-day finds the Soviet officials established all along the border of Outer Mongolia, the most southern station being at Urga, some 300 miles north of Peking; and from this and a hundred other points China is being flooded by thousands of Russian agents bent on the disintegration of the country and the final subjugation of the harassed populations by the Soviet.

Not content with operations within the territories, the Russian Ministers accredited to Peking and the Consular Authorities established at the various ports have during the past three years spared neither effort nor money to bring about a revolution which has for its object the establishment of a Soviet-governed China, which, Messrs. Joffe and Karakhan feel under no necessity to disguise, shall be ruled in the main by Moscow.

To Europeans the efforts and actions of the Soviet representatives in China may well appear impossible, but it must be remembered that the Soviet have at their hand, not hundreds, but thousands, of well-disciplined Chinese-speaking agents, who fraternize with the people as no European or Japanese can. These agents, using the out-of-work and unemployed section of the population, as well as the sorely-tried and terrorized farming communities in the sections which have been under the heel of the militarists, together with their paid adherents in all the schools and colleges of the land, have managed to

establish in nearly every province of China well-organized "cells," which are spurred on to a feverish activity by Russian official agents.

The Province of Kuangtung has always, throughout Chinese national history, been a difficult one to govern, the Cantonese being much like the Irish in their objection to any form of settled government, and always requiring a strong hand to keep them quiescent. It was because of this national characteristic that Dr. Sun chose Canton as his centre of revolution against Peking in 1917, assured that he was safe from attack and that lack of communications rendered it impossible for the Peking Government to coerce him. It was for these same reasons that the Soviet chose the Southern City as another point of approach to carry out their programme of national revolution, aiding and abetting Dr. Sun from 1922 onwards, so that to-day their advisers and agents are firmly established there, and in the territories acquired by the so-called "Nationalist" Government of China, by virtue of their military aggression in the Yangtze, as well as in Swatow, Amoy, and Shanghai. No action unaided by the Powers can possibly expel them.

At the present time, then, Russia actually holds Urianghai, Outer Mongolia, and Dzungaria by her own garrisons, with the means of communications entirely in her hands. She has also, through the operation of the Chinese Eastern Railway, done much to drain the trade from these regions out of China into Russia. In China proper she has agents and abetters with every faction antagonistic to ordered government, and is using her Consulates everywhere exactly as she did in Manchuria during her absorption of that territory before the Japanese war.

Already she has effected a greater change in China and the customs, life, and outlook of the people than any other Power has accomplished, and her agents and influences are so firmly established that the childish beliefs of certain Chinese factions that have used the Soviet aspirations for their own ends, with the hope that they can discard them when necessary, are too futile to deceive anyone but the most uneducated militarist.

Japan has pursued an entirely different set of principles, but the fundamental idea underlying her policy is very near that of the Russian. For the past ten years she has been quietly, without any undue advertisement,

consolidating her position in the three eastern provinces, building up a set of so-called "feeder lines" to her main trunk line of railway, which, whilst not very important economically, are of the highest importance strategically, and, when completed, will give her means of holding and controlling all of Manchuria and the nearby territory. Acting entirely within the spirit and letter of the Washington Agreements with the Powers, she is wideawake to the fact that, once the radical and Soviet elements effect the withdrawal of the European and American Powers from active participation in Chinese affairs, she will be able, by reason of her military preparedness and industrial fitness, to seize any opportunity created by the withdrawal of others, when the time comes that Russia and she alone are left to arbitrate on the destinies of this country.

Japan owes too much to Chinese literature and art, custom and ideas, to suffer any delusions as to the ultimate outcome of the situation. Her statesmen are content to bide their time until the Anglo-Saxons are frozen out; they are secure in their knowledge of the country, its habits of thought, and their own military effectiveness. Whatever happens, Japan must maintain an open market in China for the products of her factories, and if the Powers are willing to permit their interests in China to be frittered away in such fashion as to remove their competition, Japan would lose in the end by joining with them now to agree to the operation of a tariff system that would work against her industries more than those of any other country.

France is in a similar position to Japan, but on the southern borders of the country. Indo-China being her richest colonial possession, she has spared neither pains nor money in protecting it and its economic fabric from aggression, securing the concessions of all lines of railway from its northern borders into China by the only routes that the mountainous nature of the country allows, as well as building and operating the Yunnan Railway, which secures for her in case of need access to the great alluvial tin areas of the Mongtze districts.

Rumour is rife that an understanding already exists between Paris and Tokio for combined action as soon as America and Britain shall have withdrawn from the Chinese stage, but nothing in the way of definite evidence

can be obtained upon this point. It is easy, however, to visualize the great assistance these two Powers could be to each other, in the event of any general elimination of European and American interest here, and quite well known generally in East Asia, that the French, by reason of their Catholic connections, have a far finer intelligence organization in being than any of the other Powers, not even excepting Japan.

This, then, is the situation as we see it to-day in China. The Treaty Ports are the only refuge for Chinese interests which need protection from the disruptive tendencies, and in no other places in the Republic are firms and interests safe from the Radicals on the one hand, and the militarists on the other. France and Japan have nothing to gain and everything to lose by interfering with the general process of disintegration at this stage, whilst the United States and Great Britain are idealistically blinded and incapable of seeing the real issue, by reason of their democratic forms and, perhaps, of the smallness of the issue to them.

American and British statesmen do most of the talking regarding China in the world's Press. Unfortunately, their subjects and citizens have little expert knowledge of the situation, but it is clear enough to us here that their withdrawal from the scene will mean the division of China territorially between Russia, Japan, and France. What, then, can we do to prevent this state of affairs arising?

The moderate faction in China had hoped that the trading necessities of Great Britain after the war would have made her a leader in Chinese affairs, and that she would have influenced the United States, and possibly Japan, to join her in an effort to bring peace and order out of chaos. Far from this being the case, however, Great Britain seems to be content with the situation and determined to let her China trade follow that of her Turkish connection into the limbo of the past.

The Soviet and the militarists are alike in one thing, that the bulk of their efforts are confined to the roads of communication, viz. the railways and rivers and the large population centres situated upon them.

Now, it is abundantly proven that living conditions for Chinese are better in the Treaty Port concessions than outside them, as any reference to the tenancy rolls of these concessions will prove. Hence, if such conditions

as obtain in the ports could be extended to embrace the lines of communication, the trade, prosperity, and well-being of the country would receive a tremendous impetus, and the disruptive elements would have either to abandon their malpractices or else to retire into the obscurity of the interior.

It is quite useless for the Powers to await the invitation of the Chinese people before taking action, as the people have no means of addressing them or their representatives, and both Radicals and militarists are reaping far too rich a harvest to permit them doing anything so foolish. Whatever action is taken must come from the Powers themselves, and must be in such a form as to aid the people to build up for themselves a settled form of government suitable to their needs.

For obvious reasons any scheme undertaken must be self-supporting, as none of the Powers are sufficiently idealistic to burden themselves or their nationals with any fresh commitments. It must also be one that will involve no great military occupation on the part of any one Power, and must, above all, be one that will in all things respect the integrity of the country.

It is suggested that, if the United States or Great Britain would take the initiative in a scheme for an international occupation of the zones of communication in this country, in a somewhat similar manner, but with additional safeguards, as Japan uses in regard to the zone of the South Manchurian Railway, extending, let us say, ten miles from the centre each side of each railway line, and ten miles inland from the bank of each main navigable river, then the following results would be obtained without undue cost or commitments :

1. The militarists and Radicals would be debarred from using the zones, and consequently all civil war would cease.

2. The railways, rivers, and roads in the zones would immediately revert to proper commercial and business usages, and a sense of security, now entirely unknown, would permit of trade and commerce being carried on and developed unhindered by military operations.

3. The country outside the zones would either be decently governed by the provincial officials, or, if it were not, and if the rural populations were less secure than those situated within the zones, these populations

would tend to drift into the zones, to the detriment of the local provincial exchequers.

Prior to 1920 the railways alone showed a surplus exceeding forty million dollars per annum, but to-day, as they are entirely appropriated by the military, they do not provide sufficient surplus to pay the cost of upkeep. Under an efficient occupancy the revenues would pay the interest on a long-term loan, sufficient to cover the cost of the occupation, and at the same time yield enough to repay the amount outstanding to the original bondholders.

If America and Great Britain could be persuaded into this course of action, we should feel reasonably sure of getting the necessary safeguards to ensure the evacuation of the Commission, after a period of, say, forty-five years, or sufficient to enable it to put the country on its feet, to re-establish its credit, to train up sufficient officials to carry on the programme, and above everything else, to respect the national aspirations of the people.

We are convinced that, unless such a Commission can be called into being, we shall suffer dismemberment by Powers who look upon us merely as taxable units and thrifty workers necessary for the well-being of their Eastern Empires. No academic measures or platitudes spoken by Anglo-Saxon statesmen will avail us anything, unless deeds and actions support the words.

It is useless to stand aside and tell us to settle our own affairs, when we have more than a million and a-half armed men living upon us, torturing, murdering, burning, robbing, and devastating the country, and as we are unarmed and too poor to buy food, let alone arms, how shall we defend ourselves from the Soviet who march so closely on our borders or help ourselves in the face of the military terrorism ?

Japan no less than Russia is capable of compelling us to acknowledge her supremacy, and her actions in supporting a section of the militarists in eliminating other interests in China than her own, is as damaging to her prestige in Europe and America as in China. If she wishes to reinstate herself in the eyes of China, she will not hesitate to join such a Commission, and to give us of her best in building up a strong and united country which shall be able to defend its own borders and interests and take its place in the world as a self-supporting member of the family of nations.

The High-Wage Theory

Would High Wages Cure Unemployment?

By Alexander Ramsay

MR. HENRY FORD, in his new book, "To-day and To-morrow," lays it down that "business depression is caused by weakened purchasing power. The cure of business depression is through purchasing power, and the source of purchasing power is wages."

There is evidence that this declaration is being seized upon to bolster up the old theory that high wages provide the remedy for unemployment. More than one ex-Minister appears to have adopted the theory as the standard text for his week-end tirade. It has long been a fallacy with the rank and file. The idea now bids fair to become so popular that one may presently see bad economics used as the basis of powerful political propaganda.

The issue vitally concerns Great Britain, for obvious reasons. We have a large volume of unemployment, which begins to assume the aspect of permanency. Many of our trade union leaders have given the high-wage theory as a reason for setting their faces against economic readjustments. The mass of the workers think there must be something in it. They see the United States paying high wages and enjoying a prosperity which Britain is unable to emulate. They have, therefore, a vague, unformed, but paralysing distrust of our social system and industrial capacity.

The truth is that Mr. Ford makes no such claim as is being foisted upon him. It is true that he advocates high wages, but he can only visualize high wages in conjunction with high production and low costs. Herein is the crux of the whole matter.

The parallel between American and British conditions is most misleading unless it is complete, and it cannot be dealt with here. It is clear, however, that amongst other

advantages the United States enjoy a very large domestic and protected market. Moreover, it is a market which during many decades has been progressively and automatically increasing. It began with a foundation in its agriculture, which not only fed its own people but enabled the country to absorb and develop a population at an unprecedented rate. With a rising population came improving markets; and with increasing markets, into which outsiders could not enter, production of specific commodities developed on a basis of immense magnitude. There is no mystery about American repetition methods. In the circumstances, it would have been much more difficult to resist them than to achieve them. But with bulk production came cheap production, and cheap bulk production pouring into an insatiable market is the foundation of high wages.

But how does all this apply to Britain, full-grown, land-poor, and haunted by the traditions which Americans hate? We are not a self-contained community. We could not ourselves feed 25 per cent. of our population. We have to barter our products in the marts of the world, and we cannot make our own terms. We are subject to competition. Our possible volume of trade is affected by war and pestilence, by seasons, by political upheavals.

Our workers are constantly having it pointed out to them that, for example, tin-plate workers are underemployed because other workers have no money to buy kitchen utensils; that the cotton trade is working short time, and the shoemakers are out of work, while the great mass of the people are underclothed and badly shod; that the cutlers of Sheffield have nothing to do, when every worker's home is in need of their products. And they are told that the remedy is to increase wages and so, by increasing purchasing power, to stimulate the home market and provide employment.

The tragedy lies in the fact that so many believe this, and it is the extensive belief in such doctrine that is creating in Britain a real menace to industrial efficiency and political security. Who is to make it clear to the mass of the workers that the shoemaker of Northampton and the weaver of Lancashire would be only too glad to clothe the steel-worker of the Midlands, but that they

cannot take in return a quantity of steel? They cannot eat steel! It is only when the steel has been turned into many articles and exchanged in India and China and beyond the far seas, for tea and sugar and wheat and the other necessities of life, that the mutual accommodation can be made. This exchange is foreign trade. Upon such trade our very existence depends, and one of the governing factors in promoting trade abroad is the supply of goods at a price others can afford to pay. Low costs, large output, a ready market, are all elements in the circle of prosperity which contains high wages. Remove one and the circle disappears.

The generalization that high wages will ensure prosperity is a mere empty shibboleth. It is putting the cart before the horse. Trade (upon which prosperity depends) is governed by a multitude of conditions, and only when they have been met, and the interchange of goods freely expedited, can the worker receive in wages a return commensurate with the efficiency of his industry and the effort he displays. Large production, cheap production, and markets available for all that is produced, make high wages possible. But to increase wages in Britain by, say, 40s. per week per man, without satisfying this formula, would be to impel industrial bankruptcy and social chaos.

High wages can accomplish nothing but disillusion and despair, unless they are preceded, or at least accompanied, by large production and cheap production, to command a sale in the many countries and multitude of markets wherein British merchants barter for their country's living. As a nation we can do much by leadership, stability, work, and efficiency. We could do much more to mobilize the Empire as a friendly market. But we can attain nothing by foolish attempts to substitute theories of distribution for individual responsibility for production.

Imperial Migration

From an Australian Point of View

By F. A. W. Gisborne

I

THREE problems, or rather groups of problems, of transcendent importance confront the statesmen of the British Empire to-day: defence, trade and migration. The first naturally claims precedence, for security, as Adam Smith long ago reminded our forefathers, is better than opulence; and the safety of a maritime empire necessarily depends on the protection afforded to its sea communications by a predominant navy. But while adequate provision for defence is essential to the existence of the Empire, and a flourishing trade to its prosperity, failure to effect a satisfactory solution of the migration problem within a comparatively short period must mean grave internal perils to some parts of the Empire, and yet graver external dangers to others. To Australia pre-eminently, unshielded by the Monroe Doctrine, and lying at the very feet of a continent inhabited by multitudinous populations of alien race for whom territorial expansion is rapidly becoming a question of life or death, a greatly accelerated inflow of white migrants is now a matter of extreme urgency.

A general survey of the conditions prevailing throughout the British Empire at the present time reveals some extraordinary anomalies. That Empire embraces about 13¼ million square miles of the earth's surface, and is inhabited altogether by some 450,000,000 human beings, or, roughly, thirty-four persons to each square mile. Of the total number 65,000,000 are white and the rest coloured. Of the whites, nearly 48,000,000 are confined to Europe alone, and crowded together on an area only slightly exceeding 120,000 square miles. While the British Isles support more than two-thirds of the white population of the whole Empire, India contains nearly the same proportion of its coloured inhabitants. On the other hand, whereas in the British Isles there are 393 persons to the square mile, and in India about 230, in Canada there are less than three, and in Australia,

roughly, two. Thus there are two overflowing human reservoirs, one white and the other coloured; and two of far greater capacity still almost empty. Regions of high population pressure and of low lie comparatively close to one another, some suffering from an excess, others from a deficiency of inhabitants. Evidently these striking disparities demand the immediate attention of the rulers of the Empire.

With the migration problem as it affects India it is not proposed now to deal. East Africa, and, it may be suggested, the coasts of tropical Australia offer the most suitable outlets for the superabundant multitudes of British subjects in Asia. To the surplus inhabitants of Great Britain the two largest Dominions naturally offer the greatest attractions. Which of the two promises superior advantages is a question for each possible migrant to decide according to his own tastes and requirements; but from the point of view of the integrity of the Empire there can be no doubt that the claims of Australia rank first. Canada, lying adjacent to a powerful white nation, to whose citizens her own are closely bound by racial and commercial ties, and enjoying the protection against foreign attack afforded by the Monroe Doctrine, holds an absolutely unassailable position. An increased population to her means increased wealth, but not necessarily increased security. Australia, on the other hand, though like New Zealand, specially favoured among the Dominions in possessing a homogeneous British population, owing to her remoteness from both Europe and America, and her propinquity to the continent inhabited by the most numerous and formidable coloured races, is exposed to serious risks, so long as she lacks an adequate white garrison. She is in the position of a small family occupying a palatial and well-stored mansion surrounded by a fertile domain outside at whose gates are congregated crowds of homeless, hungry and exceedingly sturdy beggars. To prevent the forcible entry of ravenous hordes of Asiatics she needs a large and efficient body of police, permanently established on her soil. Great Britain's recent retirement from the proud position of Mistress of the Pacific which she long held, and her renunciation of the alliance with Japan, have appreciably aggravated the difficulties and perils of the

situation. "Men, money and markets" is now the cry of one of the leading Australian political parties. By far the greatest of these needs is men.

The migration problem for Australia is twofold. It comprehends, not only the attraction of population from without, but the judicious dispersion of the present inhabitants. A few facts and figures will show how deplorably lopsided is the present distribution of the small population. Australia still contains only about six million people. More than two and a quarter million persons out of that pitiful total are concentrated in three overgrown cities in the south, while the majority of the remainder are to be found in Victoria and the south of New South Wales. At the other extreme, the whole tropical division of the continent, 1,149,320 square miles in extent, contains barely 191,000 white settlers, and of these, all but some 15,000 live on, or close to, the coast of North Queensland, supported to a large extent by an industry heavily, though indirectly, subsidized by the State. Geographically, the north coast of Australia, facing, not a desolate ocean, but vast and populous countries separated from it only by a comparatively narrow strip of water, is the continent's real front door, yet this most vulnerable region is the most thinly occupied. The conclusion is unavoidable that past Australian Governments have failed lamentably to induce people to settle in those parts of the Commonwealth where effective occupation in the interests of public security is most needed. The large sums of money now being spent on various immigration schemes in the south of Australia might have been better used in promoting settlement in the north. For there is the real danger zone.

So vital is this effective occupation, within a comparatively short period, of the vast empty spaces of North Australia that it should receive the immediate and careful consideration of Australian legislators. Group settlements of white immigrants, such as have been successfully established in the south of West Australia, would most certainly fail were they attempted on the hot, humid, northern littoral, and the introduction of suitable coloured labour is indispensable to the agricultural development of this region. Dr. Trower, the present Bishop of the north of West Australia, Dr. White,

the former Bishop of Carpentaria, and many well-known doctors, travellers, and other persons possessed of extensive tropical experience, all agree in holding that the effective and permanent settlement by whites alone of the tropical coastal belt of Australia is an impossibility. Setting aside physical considerations, the folly of expecting tropical commodities to be produced profitably under the conditions now prevailing in North Queensland, where white men are paid £2 or more* per day for cutting sugar-cane, is clearly apparent. Australia is finding her white coolies rather expensive citizens, and her natural and formerly profitable industries of growing and preserving small fruits of various descriptions are being in a large measure sacrificed in order to maintain a tropical industry that is essentially parasitic, and carried on under conditions both physically and economically unsound. Were any attempt made to establish other tropical industries in the north under similar conditions, the burden that would be imposed on the Australian taxpayer and public would soon become intolerable. Brown migrants from India, working under white supervision, would probably prove most suitable for developing the rich tropical lowlands, to which their settlements should be confined. The drier and comparatively elevated hinterland, being climatically fit for Europeans, might be reserved exclusively for them.

At present the region last referred to is only adapted for pastoral settlement, and until the necessary roads, railways, and facilities for water storage have been provided, it must continue to remain as it is now, a vast grazing ground. But all competent authorities agree that in the vast expanse of territory lying north of the tropic of Capricorn there exist large areas that would be quite suitable for fairly close settlement, were they rendered accessible. Sheep farms, like the grazing farms in Queensland, varying in extent from five to ten thousand acres, and let, subject to reasonable conditions as to improvement, stocking, and occupation, at low rents, could be profitably worked in such exceptionally favoured districts as the Victoria Downs and the Barclay Downs

* The present rate of payment fixed by law for cutting cane is 7s. 6d. per ton. Many men cut from six to eight tons per day. In Fiji the cost of cutting a ton of cane is about 10d.

in the Northern Territory, embracing altogether about 60,000,000 acres of rich, natural pasture land, provided arrangements were made for the cheap carriage of wool, besides fencing materials and other requirements. As things are, the cost of transporting a ton of goods from the coast to a station in the interior of the Northern Territory varies from £40 to £50; consequently, no effective settlement there is possible. The construction of a railway from Derby, or Broome, in West Australia, to the western terminus of the railway starting from Townsville in Queensland, and the completion of the north-to-south transcontinental line, would enormously stimulate the development of the interior of tropical Australia. The carrying out of the first-mentioned work, should, if possible, be entrusted to a powerful company like that which has proved so great a benefactor to the Dominion of Canada, suitable land and other concessions being granted in return. The gain to the Commonwealth from such arrangement, could it be brought about, would be beyond calculation. Capital and immigrants would be introduced (the construction of the railway would afford profitable work to thousands of the men now unemployed in Great Britain), increased revenues would be derived by the Government, and, above all, the effective occupation of a region now empty and exposed to foreign invasion would be greatly promoted. The narrow and foolish prejudice against the construction of great developmental railways by private enterprise under the land-grant system (as in Canada) which has hitherto prevailed in political and industrial circles in Australia has, in a very large degree, retarded the development of the country. Seeing that all the railways, four in number, now owned by the Federal Government, and many of those owned by the States, especially in Queensland, are run at a heavy loss to the taxpayers, the policy hitherto pursued might well be reconsidered.

Before quitting the settlement of tropical Australia the existence of profitable opportunities there, other than those of a pastoral and agricultural kind, should be emphasized. For instance, the waters adjacent to the northern coasts of Australia abound with fish of many edible kinds, besides green turtles and dugongs. In his last annual report the Administrator of the Northern

Territory drew particular attention to the successful operations carried on by a few Chinese and half-castes at Darwin who, with the most primitive appliances, have developed a highly profitable trade in salted and smoked fish with Asia and the East Indies. The markets there are said to be inexhaustible, and were companies formed with the full equipment needed to develop the fisheries near Darwin and at other suitable places, there can be no doubt that the results would be most satisfactory. The numerous inlets on the north-west coast of West Australia, and the many islands within easy reach, offer exceptional advantages in the way of sheltered and prolific fishing grounds. One company has already been formed to operate there, but ample room is available for many more.

Far greater progress has been made of late years in bringing population to the southern districts of Australia than to those in the north. The group settlements lately established in the south-western portion of West Australia have been described in some detail by Lord Apsley. Mr. Amery, who is concerned as the representative of the British Government with the Migration Agreement under which the settlements came into existence, has lately reported most favourably on the methods adopted. At present about 10,000 migrants have been settled, including soldiers, policemen, clerks, and artists, and their families number nearly 7,000 children. These settlers Mr. Amery describes as being "happy, prosperous, and deeply appreciative of the climate and the life generally." Under the Agreement with the Imperial Authorities, West Australia has undertaken to find free farms for 25,000 persons yearly, and so far the scheme seems to have worked admirably. Since, by the way, Lord Apsley mentioned that he had found men who had been colliers in England prospering as pioneer agriculturists in Australia, one might suggest that some of the money lately applied by the British Government to increasing the wages of the excessive number of coal-miners in Great Britain would have been more usefully employed in assisting a certain proportion of them to migrate to Australia.

Not only colliers, but men of other non-agricultural

occupations, provided, of course, they possess the indispensable qualifications of thrift, intelligence, and industry, succeed as settlers in Australia. A typical case was mentioned in the Melbourne *Argus* in August last year. Among the witnesses who gave evidence before a Royal Commission on Soldier Settlement was an assisted Scottish immigrant who had formerly been a seaman, and after serving in the war, had come to Australia and obtained a block of land consisting of 318 acres. He told the Commission that, when he took possession of his farm he owned nothing but the swag he carried there on his back, but, by making good use of the sum advanced by the Government, he had since built himself a seven-roomed house, fenced a good deal of his property, and acquired a number of milking cows and 360 sheep. He had also repaid all the instalments due on his loan, and was making an income of £400 a year; while his farm, after only five years' occupation, was valued at well over £2,000. This achievement, for a man who was a complete novice when he began farming, is really remarkable.

A little training in agriculture before the settler attempts to make a living by farming in Australia is, however, most desirable. The Agricultural College lately established at Lynford Hall, in Norfolk, for training University graduates and public-school boys in such a manner as to fit them to become successful farmers in Australia, seems to satisfy a real need. After going through the six months' course of study there, the prospective migrant, provided with the requisite minimum capital of £250 available on reaching Australia (to guard against contingencies, such as a bad season or an unfavourable market the first year, a larger sum, say £500, might be recommended to start with), would at least know how to begin operations on the block of 160 acres he would receive from the Government, free of payment. If the migrant after arrival were to spend a few more months at one of the several excellent agricultural schools in Victoria and New South Wales, or on a well-managed farm, so as to acquire local experience, his chances of success would be greatly improved.

(*To be continued.*)

Sheep's Clothing

By The Old Stager

ONE of our local worthies, the vicar's right-hand man, perpetual organizer of our young men's Christian bun-fight, hereditary M.C. of our whist drives and social gatherings, churchwarden, treasurer, arbiter and adviser, turns out to have been for many years past a peculiarly unsavoury character. The thing has fallen like a bomb-shell on Clopworthy Parva. Not unnaturally, we discuss it at the corner of the street, outside the general store, and in the post office. The facts are generally known, though the local police constable looks wiser than ever, and could, if things were otherwise, a tale unfold. For the rest of us, one aspect of the affair hits us between the eyes. Not the crime, though that is bad enough; not the scandal (that has elements of excitement); not the fall of the great; what hits us is the hypocrisy of the man.

No one put it better than the postmistress, who has opportunities for knowing most of our inmost secrets. "To think," she said, in her surprise, for even *she* was caught unawares, "to think as only last Sunday 'e 'ad my thrippence and your sixpence in the bag in church. 'Ypocrite, I calls 'im."

It is true, he carried round the collection bag at morning service, and this fact somehow puts the lid on it. It is the hypocrisy of the man that gets us.

Away from the village and the clash of tongues, my powers of calm judgment reassert themselves, and in a reaction I feel disposed to break a lance for the hypocrite and propound the view that the world is over-harsh with the wolf in sheep's clothing. Hang me, if I know what other dress is available for him. Society is regulated on the principle that we are all sheep (until proved to be wolves). In this world of sheep, each individual must follow the herd and be folded at night in one of the pens. Indeed, with the best will in the world, he cannot obtain admission to the wolves' quarters without a signed order.

You cannot expect an undiscovered murderer to stencil "Cain" on his brow, or ask Jezebel to wear a scarlet letter, or expect a shoplifter to lock himself in the stocks. The peculiar fame of Charles Peace rests on the fact that he cracked cribs for six days and sang hymns on the seventh. But it is difficult to know how he could regulate his life of crime without incurring the charge of hypocrisy. He was a blatant hypocrite when he was walking or driving home with his spoils in a neat bag. For he, a thief, was aping an honest man. Honest men carry neat bags and sing hymns, but equally they wear braces, collars and boots, smoke tobacco and blow their noses. It seems that to avoid the hideous stigma of hypocrisy, your successful thief must sit naked on a monument in the market square when not actually engaged in his employment.

I am disgusted with our fallen village worthy—shocked and disgusted. But I fancy that to-morrow I shall join issue with the postmistress about the hypocrisy of the man. He was (we now know) a criminal; but in the very nature of things, he could not practise his crimes for twenty-four hours a day; living as he did in a society which only holds together on the assumption that each member is honest, I fail to see how, in his spare time, he could avoid aping honest men without rendering himself at once conspicuous and troublesome to the community. In short, I see no reason why our Christian young men need feel the stigma of long submission to his wise direction, why the collection bag should be burned and replaced, or the last whist drive prizes be returned. More than this, I believe the work he did (in his spare time) is good and will be credited to him against the debit of his crimes. To that extent, he remains a village worthy. I shall have a difficulty with the postmistress. She likes the rigour of an argument and is not elastic. I know that it will not be easy to persuade her that in a world compounded of individuals, every one of whom is a self-contained flat wherein Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde lead a Box and Cox existence, to apply the word hypocrisy to the case of our village Lucifer is—to say the least of it—hypocritical.

It must not be forgotten that the charge of hypocrisy

is levelled at this country as a whole—on the Continent it is as much our national characteristic as is British phlegm.

And like most of the hard words aimed at us by foreigners, we are secretly a little proud of it. To be a hypocrite, we argue, requires adroitness, a certain amount of brain. Whatever epithets foreigners apply to us, "clever" is not one, and because of its ingredient we complacently accept hypocrisy. Certain it is that when we discover it in one of our neighbours our disgust is short-lived and turns in time to admiration. Charles Peace was a peculiarly dirty thief and murderer, and for him we have, as a nation, a deep affection and almost respect. Not his fame only, but his place in our esteem, rests on nothing but his blatant hypocrisy. We have many braver, more clever, more imaginative thieves in our calendar. His wooden expanding ladder, which you may see in the Crimes Museum at Scotland Yard, was a clumsy device even in that pre-feline era of burglary. He was a master in nothing but hypocrisy. And, as a master in hypocrisy, he stands out as a great Victorian, for the very fabric of society in that greatest of all eras was supported on hypocrisy.

Which among us, then, nation or individual, is so bold as to point the finger at our village Lucifer, at Charles Peace or at Great Britain?

Your hypocrite, at the best of it, is but a little old-fashioned; at the worst of it, he but makes a virtue of necessity.

Sir Thomas Browne *en famille*

By Arthur J. Ashton

II

Of the second son who bore his father's name we possess but a scanty record. Besides the letters written to him by his father there are a few of his own, describing his naval experiences, a short diary of his journey from Bordeaux to Paris, and an account of his tour on horseback in the company of his brother Edward and a friend from Norwich to Derbyshire and the Midlands. But these fragments are sufficient to reveal a singularly attractive character, and his death in 1667, or shortly after, must have been a severe blow to his family, as well as a great loss to the service in which, young as he was, he had already gained distinction.

At the age of fourteen, in the year following the Restoration, he was sent unaccompanied to the south-west of France. It has been suggested that he was sent there to serve an apprenticeship to the wine trade, but the extant correspondence provides not the smallest proof of such a purpose. His father's letters to him in that year reveal only his anxiety that he should acquire a good knowledge of French and a good "tenue," and use his eyes and ears so as to understand the laws, customs, and policies of the country, and become exact in his correspondence. "Read the Scriptures daily in French and Latin," he writes, "and look often upon the grammars of both languages." "I hope by this time thou art got somewhat beyond 'plaist-il' and 'ouy, Monsieur,' and durst ask a question and give an answer in French." "Direct yourself by grammar especially for moods and tenses."

Economy is to be practised ("be as good a husband as possible," he writes, "and enter not upon any cours of superfluous expence"), but at the same time the outward man is not to be neglected. "I should be very glad you would get a handsome garb and gate. Put on a decent boldness and avoid *Pudor rusticus* not much known in France." Above all, he is to remember that, as Bacon says, "Travel in the younger sort is a part of education." "It were good you had a map of France that you might not be unacquainted with the several parts and to resort unto upon occasion for your

information; view and understand all notable buildings and places in Bordeaux or near it and take a draught thereof. Observe the manner of the French courts, their pleading, if there be any court in Xaintes."

"Honest Tom" (to use his father's almost invariable ascription) is frequently admonished to be more exact in his writing. "In what you write in English, observe the points and date your letters," and later, "Thy writing is much mended, but you still forget to make points." His father's writing, by the way, is reported to have been almost illegible, and many of the eccentricities in his printed letters may be the bold conjectures of the transcriber.

There is one curious reference to diet, reminding one of Emerson's "pie for breakfast." "You may stay your stomack with little pastys sometimes in cold mornings, for I doubt sea-larks will be too dear a collation and drawe too much wine down."

Tom returned by way of Paris in the spring of 1662. His brief diary of the journey between Bordeaux and the metropolis contains little of personal interest. It is the record of a very conscientious sightseer, who goes steadily through his programme and takes "draughts" of ancient buildings, particularly of Roman remains, which, he knew, would interest that devoted classicist his father. He expresses great admiration for the "fair frontispiece" of the Cathedral of Nantes.

Between his return and his entrance into the Navy there took place that tour through Derbyshire of which he has left an entertaining account. The young travellers experienced all the "uncertain glories" of the English climate and all the inconveniences of what in those days passed for roads, their pace seldom exceeding two miles an hour. Of one "lamentable day" he writes: "One of our party, no better armed than with an open-sleav'd doublet, made us some sport to see what pretty water-works the rain had made about him; the spouting of his doublet-sleaves did so resemble him to a whale that we could think ourself no other but fishes at that time, swimming through the ocean of water that fell, and dare never come nigh him. The gentleman was indeed in a lamentable pickle. Coming to our inn, by ostler's help having lifted our cramp'd legs off our horses we crawled upstairs to a fire, where in two hours time we had so well

dried ourselves without and liquor'd ourselves within that we began to be so valiant as to think upon a second march."

Their entertainment varied between the good fare at the Bakewell, where "after we had drunk a gun of their good ale, I cannot say, down went the spit, but, to spite it, up went a string with a piece of mutton and a chicken at the end of it," and the pitiful accommodation of the inn near Leicester, where they had nothing but a piece of a dolphin and a bit of cheese. Even at Bakewell the best bed was "somewhat softer than a rock," though he managed to "snort out the night pretty well" and was out before breakfast next morning to see the church and the houses. On his return to the inn he "was accosted with an excellent bagpipe and I think our meal danced down our throats the merrylier and to consummate all our jollities in comes our open-sleav'd companion (he had been unable to keep pace with the others on the previous day) as if he had dropped out of the clouds and made up our triumvirate again. He prudently buys our host's cinammon coat for eight shillings."

On their return the sight of Norwich with its cathedral spire, its thirty goodly churches, its castle and stately gardens "did so lessen our opinion of any we had seen that it seemed to us to deride our rambling folly. But let any stranger find me out so pleasant a county, such good ways and three such places as Norwich, Yar and Linn in any county of England, and I'll be once again a vagabond to visit them."

There is an interesting allusion to the religious crisis in the early years of the Restoration, when ministers were faced with the alternatives of subscribing to the Act of Uniformity or giving up their livings. At Bakewell they met a Derbyshire man, "the oracle of the countryside," who told them that the day before he had "manfully led up a train of above twenty parsons and though they thought themselves to be great Presbyterians, yet they followed him in the subscription at Chesterfield and kept themselves in their livings despite of their own teeth." The "day before" was probably St. Bartholomew's day, which was the limit fixed by the Act.

There is an interval of two or three years during which we have no record of "Honest Tom's" movements except that he accompanied his brother Edward to Cambridge

for a period of study. But a somewhat agitated letter from Sir Thomas, undated, but probably written towards the end of 1664, shows us that he was then at the critical moment of his life.

"Tom," it begins (not "Honest Tom," as in all the previous letters), "I presume you are in London, where you may satisfy yourself in the buisinesse; do nothing rashly but as you find just grounds for your advantage, which will hardly be at the best deservings without good and faithfull friends; no sudden advantage for rawe though dangerous services. . . . God and good friends advise you. Be sober and complacent. If you could quit periwigs, it would be better and more for your credit. . . . God blesse you!" And a postscript contains the practical advice that he should learn the practical mathematics and use of instruments. Dame Dorothy adds a note which partly explains the reference to periwigs. "I will send your weg by the choch and the buf cotte if I can get it." Perhaps we may infer that Tom had put too generous an interpretation upon his father's wish that he should get "a handsome garb."

How Tom went about his "buisinesse" we do not know, but it is certain that before the year 1664 was out he had entered the Navy and had obtained a commission. England was at this time on the verge of war with its great trade-rival, Holland, and the Admiralty could have had few more intelligent young officers than "Honest Tom," for his keenness and his ability are evident in the few letters that have been preserved. He served with courage and distinction in some of the fiercest actions against the Dutch fleet in 1665 and 1666, and at the close of the latter year was sent as convoy to the Mediterranean in the *Marie Rose* in the fleet under Admiral Kempthorne. He returned to Portsmouth in May 1667, and from that point history and the domestic correspondence are silent. We can only gather from a letter written many years later that he had been long since dead. His father tells Edward that little Tom (Edward's son who lived with his grandparents in Norwich) had found about the house "things that were your brother's and Betty sometimes tells him stories about him, so that he was importunate with her to write his life in a quarter of a sheet of paper and read it out to him and will have still some more added."

Sir Thomas's last letter to him, written to Portsmouth in 1667 on the arrival of the *Marie Rose* and addressed not to " Honest Tom," but to " My dear Sonne," enables us to estimate his full worth both as naval officer and as scholar. " Although you be not forward in commending yourself, yet others have not been backward to do it for you and have so earnestly expressed your courage, valour and resolution; your sober, studious and observing cours of life; your generous and obliging disposition and the notable knowledge you have obtayned in military and all kind of sea affayres, that it affoordeth no small comfort unto me"; and he proceeds to quote the opinions of a cloud of witnesses who were unanimous in thinking he would " make a famous man and a reputation to his country." The evidences of his scholarship were particularly welcome to his father. " I must not fayle to tell you how well I like it that you are not only *Marti* but *Mercurio*; and very much pleased to find how good a student you have been at sea and particularly with what success you have read divers books there, especially Homer and Juvenal with Lubine's notes. Being much surprised to find you so perfect therein that you had them in a manner without booke and could proceed in any verse I named unto you."

The young sailor found time, too, to cultivate the Muses, for in the same letter his father writes: " I am much pleased to find that you take draughts of remarkable things where ere you go; for that may be very useful and will fasten themselves the better in your memorie. You are mightily improved in your violin, but I would by no means have you practise upon the trumpet, for many reasons." Sir Thomas was evidently apprehensive of a disturbance of his domestic peace! His brother, Edward, too, writing from Genoa, wishes he had Tom's company in a place where his judgment in pictures and statues would be satisfied and his fancy pleased.

To complete the character-sketch drawn by external evidence, a previous letter may be quoted in which Sir Thomas, warning his son of the dangers incident to naval warfare, writes: " To be made prisoner by an unequal and overruling power after a due resistance is no disparagement. . . . and you have so good a memorie

that you cannot forget many examples therof, even of the worthiest commanders in your beloved Plutark. God hath given you a stout but a generous and merciful heart withall; and in all your life you could never behold any person in miserie but with compassion and relief; which hath been notable in you from a child; so you have layd up a good foundation for God's mercy; and if such a disaster should happen, He will without doubt mercifully remember you."

Few of Tom's letters to his father have been preserved, but, few as they are, they serve to deepen our favourable impression. Writing on board the *Marie Rose* in July 1666, he speaks of an action against the Dutch being imminent and adds: "I extremely long for that thundering day. It is impossible to express unto another how a smart sea-fight elevates the spirits of a man and makes him despise all dangers. In and after all sea fights I have been very thirstie, which makes me allways provide some bottles of quick and fresh middle beere to carrie with me."

He is evidently on good terms with his men and in full sympathy with the grievances they have to suffer under a corrupt government, though at the same time he is distressed by their lack of intelligent interest in the technique of their profession. In thanking his father for some passages in a nautical treatise, he writes: "It seemed very hard to me at first; but I have now beaten it out and wish I had the booke. But I am not able to beat it into our seamen's heads and the truth is I meet not with any so refined as to enquire after such ingenious tracts and so I leave them to their Wagoner and Seaman's Kalender as their *nil ultra*." Deferred pay was a common complaint in the Navy and often a cause of serious disturbance. "Divers presented a petition to the Duke of York for some of their pay to provide for themselves and families which they are to leave at home. They are in a sad and pitiful condition. For my part while I have a penny I cannot but relieve them. I cannot but wonder at this unreasonable and unpolitic course, to disoblige the seamen who have behaved themselves so stoutly and to discontent the whole land who have so largely disbursed for their pay." It is gratifying to hear, however, that he succeeded in

securing a pension for his cabin-boy, whose thigh had been broken by a splinter.

That something was rotten in the state of England is clear from the following criticism: "We came into Portsmouth with full expectation that we should have found our fleet readie for this summer's action; but to the great grief of ourselves and all honest publick spirited souldiers and seamen, we find all contrarie to our desires and that our great and most considerable shipps shall not be employed this summer. And in the mean time we understand, for certaine, the Duch are coming out with a good fleet. I confess as yet I understand not this counsell at land; but I dare confidently say we shall sadly repent of it." The indiscriminate activities of the press-gang are noted by him. On the island of Sheppey he hears of people flying up into the country from both shores and "some of our seamen have been so rude as to bring away not only common labourers but farmers and constables, not sparing a justice of the peace from the Essex side."

His interest in language and literature did not abate during active service. He writes of exercising his French and Latin with a fellow-officer who proved to be a remarkable linguist, and of practising Italian with him on the voyage. His father had sent him a copy of Lucan's "Pharsalia," and he is much impressed by Lucan's character of Cæsar:

> acer et indomitus,
> Nil actum credens si quid superesset agendum.

on which he makes the following comment: "This temper would have served well and had probably concluded the war in our first fight with the Duch."

With all his activities of body and of mind he does not forget his friends at home, for we hear of his having bought six jars of tent wine, each containing about three gallons, a roll of excellent tobacco ("as they tell me who have taken of it"), some "very noble" sweet waters, and orange flower butter, "which may prove welcome presents to some friends"; and his mention of having laid out 150 pieces of eight in sherry sack, "which I hope will turn to good account," seems to point to a flair for profitable business.

When on land he was as observant and curious as even

his father could wish. There is a detailed description of Tangier (recently transferred from Portugal to England on the marriage of Charles II to Catherine of Braganza), and it is interesting to note that in the construction of the new mole there Italian workmen were employed as "being acquainted with that kind of work" —an early instance of the ubiquity of the Italian road-maker. He was unable to visit the Hinterland, but obtained information about it from a knowledgeable Jew, whom he obliged by two English "knifes," and who promised to obtain for him an account of the "severall parts of Barbarie" set down in French.

The correspondence ends abruptly in 1667, and "the rest is silence." One cannot wonder that after Tom's death his father suppressed that passage in the "Religio Medici" in which he made vaunt of his exceptional felicity. Fortune had found his "Achilles heel."

Finally, we come to the last member of the Browne family in the male line—little Tom or "Tomey," Edward's son, who, as the air of London did not suit him, lived with his grandparents in Norwich, and is the chief topic of those entertaining little postscripts contributed by Dame Dorothy to Sir Thomas's letters, of which the eccentric spelling is part of the charm. Tomey himself in the early days would sometimes scribble a paper and have it sent with the letter to amuse his little sister in the London home. Until her marriage his aunt Betty had the chief charge of him. "He lyeth with her," writes Sir Thomas; "she takes great care of him and gets him to bed in due time, for he riseth early. She is fain sometimes to play him asleep with a fiddle." As an instance of youthful precocity, his grandfather relates his answer to a gentleman who asked "who he was for" at the election. "For all four," said Tomey, whereat the gentleman remarked that he answered "like a physician's son."

His health was carefully watched and reported on: "Tom is too hot and looks as though something would break out. He useth many times to have little specks break out in his face which remain for a few days." "Tom was ill last weeke, but upon taking a little powder of rhubarb grewe better and now goeth abroad again." "Tom is well, though I wonder he falls into no cough, wearing his hat and gloves so seldom." In a letter of

1681 (Tom was about eight years old then) Dame Dorothy reports a "cof and feavor," but Sir Thomas's next letter is reassuring. "Tom hath been nice and backward in taking things, but my wife (he is writing to his son!) is and hath been most prevalent with him and he took some purgings and clysters readily." The last report on his health is from Dame Dorothy: "I blesse God our deare Tome dooes still mend, but is so leane as there will be need of a good stomack to recruitt him; which he now has if it may hould."

The clothing of him was Dame Dorothy's exclusive department, but Tom himself seems to have been not indifferent in the matter. The postscripts on this subject are addressed to Mrs. Edward ("my daughter Browne," as Sir Thomas always calls her): "Tomey is very fine and warm in his gowne." "I hope you think of Tomey briches, against the assize; for we shall be out of all maner of lining by that time, that is to be worne with cotts." "Tomey have received his cloues and is much delighted and sends you dutty and thanckes and means to weare them carefully." "You must bring Tomey another hat, hee gives you many thanckes for his cloues; hee has apered very fine this king's day with them."

His restlessness he shared with the boys of all time. "He is in some action perpetually," writes Sir Thomas, "or doing of something; I have been fain to hire him to sit still half an hour." He does not appear to have done his grandparents credit on his occasional visits to his parents in London: "Tomey is very much ashamed that he behaved himself no better but hops he shall the next time. He is now as sivell as I can wish him." Reference is occasionally to his mental growth: "He goose to scolle and is a very good boy and delights his grandfather when he comes home." "He is now a very good boy for his boak, I can assuer you, and delights to read to his grandfather and I when he comes from Scool." "I thank God, Tom is very livly and harty and larne his bowk very well." "Tom his dutty; he is beging books and reading of them." Of his amusements we learn that he has a puppet-show and is anxious to make it complete: "Your Tomey is in great expection of a tumbler you must send him for his puppet show; a punch he has and his wife and a straw king and queen and ladies of honour

and all things but a tumbler which this town cannot afford; it is a woodin fellow that turns his heles over his head."

He would naturally go to see the two "beares which are to be showne," and we are relieved to hear that the mayor "will not allow them to be baited by reason of the contagion by drawing young people together." It is a sign of promise that he is "strangly delighted in helping to make the gardins," and he would be false to his breed if he were not interested in natural phenomena. "Just as I am writing," says Sir Thomas, "Tom comes and tells me the blazing star (the comet of 1681) is in the yard and calls me to see it."

Little is known of Tomey after 1681. He followed the profession of his father and his grandfather and after studying at Trinity College, Cambridge, took his doctor's degree in 1700 and became a Fellow of the College of Physicians in 1707. That he inherited a portion of the family taste for antiquities is shown by his brief account of a tour through Kent with Dr. Plot, the historian of Oxfordshire, in which they investigated the chalk caves near Crayford, and the traces of Roman graves and fortifications at Richborough. The style of it is dull and bald, and it is entirely lacking in personal or literary quality. He married his cousin, Alethea Fairfax, and died two years after his father in 1710 at the age of thirty-seven, without issue. Of his end the only evidence we possess is the note appended by Le Neve to his genealogy of the Browne family. He describes him as "an ingenious gentleman, who afterwards gave himself up to drinking so much that he died by a fall off his horse going from Gravesend to his house at Southfleet, in Kent, having drunk and sat up all night."

In such lamentable fashion the male line of descent from Sir Thomas Browne became extinct. Sir Thomas himself had been gathered to his fathers some twenty-five years earlier, unconscious of the impending Nemesis. But the writer of "Christian Morals" was not blind to the changes and chances of this mortal life. "When all looks fair about thee," he wrote, "and thou seest not a cloud so big as a hand to threaten thee, forget not the wheel of things: think of sullen vicissitudes, but beat not thy brains to foreknow them."

Sand Land

By Kenneth Ashley

HERE from the crest of the escarpment the eye commands three English shires : three shires reaching away from this clover field on the slope, away and away, twenty miles of rippling, undulating countryside; until the sight fails in the blue haze which hides the foot-hills of the Peak.

According to local tradition a gibbet once stood somewhere on this ridge, and the clover field is still called Gallows Close. Here on this jutting sandstone spur its menace would be stark enough; and on its grim tree there swung, so they say, the last man to be hung in chains in this shire—a sheep stealer, most likely, in this district, for this is a district of sheep: "Excellent sheep and barley land," as the farm advertisements say; "Blow-away sand," as the farmer sneers; "Bunter," as the geologist describes it. That it is Sand Land there is no doubt; summer has scarcely begun, but we have had a fortnight of bright sunshine, and everything hereabout is dry—"Dry as a limeburner's clog." The soil is completely desiccated; scoop up a handful; the sand trickles through your fingers mobile as water; as dry, as unadhesive as the sand in an hour-glass. But we are on the very edge of the sand here; on the border between the "old land" and the "new"; down there, across the stream, beyond the village, the fields are level and of an ancient culture—there, where the limestone soil begins. You can see the smoke from the limekilns blurring the green fields; but at back of us, and to the left, level enclosures are few and far between. It is all new land—rolling, undulating forest land; typical bunter country, light sand, but well wooded. The enclosures, save those immediately around the villages, are comparatively recent; the farm and field names are suggestive enough: "Newlands," "New Buildings," "Moorfield," "East Field," "Crown Farm," "Intake Farm," "Forest Lodge," "Bloom's Gorse," "Gorsey-brecks," and lastly, with a touch of grim realism, "Labour-in-Vain."

And too often the farmer does labour in vain on this "excellent sheep and barley land," which is so "easily worked." "A good shower of rain every weekday and a shower of muck on Sundays"—such is the pithy desideration of every farmer on the bunter sand. A desideration vain, indeed, for Nature is a perverse jade; and this strip of thirsty country has one of the lowest rainfalls in Britain. And besides the drought and the unappeasable hunger of the sterile soil, there is the turnip fly, and the sheep fly, and "dother"; and, ever and always, twitch. *Triticum Repens* is a thief of many aliases—twitch, quickens, bent, couch—and of an evil reputation throughout the light lands of Britain. In the fallow field next to Gallows Close half a score of folk are throng twitch burning now, and the weather this broiling day is apt for the job. The rolled-up tangles of weed are bone-dry, and burn avidly as straw. Sweating boys carry forkfuls of the flaming root from heap to heap. They walk quickly down the rows, scarcely seeming to touch the heaps with the carried fire; but as they pass, heap after heap blossoms into orange flame, crackling and sizzling like frying fat. The flame on the forks whips and flares angrily, singeing the boys' hands, scorching their stockings; half the field is alight now, the smoke rises; white, acrid, thin, obscuring the sun, giving his shine a smoky eclipse. The horses, chain-harrowing, are dark with sweat; the light soil of the hillside gives beneath their straining feet; if they stand a moment the sweat runs off their legs and bellies, forming tiny pools sucked up by the thirsty sand. Hot, dusty work on such a day. But "twitching" is a never-ending job, and earlier in the year, when the first larks are singing and blackbirds trying a tentative note or two, or in the cool, crisp autumn when the hawthorn fences are spangled with gossamer, when the twitch roots are damp and have to be coaxed to burn, it is pleasant enough work. The smoke, blue and heavy, then draws dreamily along the ground; the warmth of the fires is genial; the horses move in comfort, briskly; here and there the bright crocuses of flame show for a moment, to be lost again in that slow, coiling smoke. At such a time the significant human figures, the brown earth, the arching sky, form a picture

almost too obviously artistic. But to-day it is hot work; blistering, smarting, breathless; a theme for one of our modern men to suggest by painful squares and blotches.

However, with this view before one, it is impossible to think for long of flies and twitch and dother; they are out of the picture, as unseen as the pathetic little flowers indigenous to our dry, bare, sheep uplands—the scarlet pimpernel, the wild camomile, miniature sorrels, heath rush, tiny heartsease, and a crane's bill equally tiny—little things whose faces shine up from among the dry stalks of "second-year seeds" with winsome courage. The gorse and broom one cannot overlook, even at this height; their splendid gold gleams in every waste corner, lights every by-road, contrasting with the emerald brake fern. But the blossom for this spacious view must be more universal, more lavish, even than the gorse and broom; and it is here—the may. The long stretches of bedecked hedges seen from this hill have an effect almost choral; the sudden burst of white in the poignant spring is like the birds' clamour at dawn, a lyrical surge of apt emotion, lovely, joyous, significant, marking the inspiration of time and place. The hawthorn, the fairies' favourite tree, what a tradition it has!

Glasgerion swore a full great oath
By oak and ash and thorn——

There you have them—Yggdrasil the ash; the oak and hawthorn of the Groves: add the holly, the "hollin green" of many a ballad, and you have the four trees of Romance. The elm and beech belong to a later, a softer atmosphere; they go with the English meadows, with "The Hall" and the village green. They are the Squire's trees—The Squire's trees, "Turn a stone and start a wing." No one could ever gaze over so wide, so moving a view, so much of English countryside, without feeling its ineffable pathos, without being entangled in thoughts of the enduring tragedy that has given a touch of hardness, almost of cruelty, to its beauty. Never an acre is there that has not been fertile at least of withered hopes and lost illusions; and now, starved, neglected, our countryside too often has been driven to the last refuge of beauty dishonoured, and has become the plaything of the wealthy. Brutalized by an alien industry or kept in

artificial amenity, year after year it is less and less able to preserve the old sweet sanities and become the mother, the nurturer, of happy men.

As time goes, it is not so very long since furze and fern were dispossessed in these fields, but even here, in these new enclosures, the blossoming hedges take us straight back through a hundred changing years. Generation after generation has wrought these fields and cleared their harvests. Time has conquered at last the most tedious of seasons, and not a single grain remains even of that historic wheat which mouldered beneath the rain that rained away the Corn Laws. Fashions change in agriculture as in all man's vocations, and there is scarcely an implement that a hundred years have left the same; live stock has altered perhaps most of all, if old prints and descriptions are to be relied on, and the hedges are left, the most static of the heritages of the farm, as unchanged as their hedgerow trees, as the wild creatures that harbour in them. They have seen a hundred harvests come and go, carted away in the creaking wains through their gatesteads. Each of these myriad bushes has been planted by hand, has been scotched, trimmed, laid, times how many? All of them have been hand-planted, planted by hands long dead, to remain themselves: memorial trees of mute, inglorious men. The only memorial, often enough, in this his native shire, of many a restless soul. For poor Hodge, ridiculed as a shiftless drudge, has ever been preoccupied with schemes of betterment. "Reform" reached insistent waves, disquieting waves, up this dreaming hillside. Unrest, rebellion against a penury too grindingly impossible, has always moved in the soul of the man with the hoe. And many a bitter thought has kept time with the swing and fall of the knives trimming this hedge. Very grim thoughts, indeed: if Madame Defarge's knitting was sinister work, there was an even readier analogy between this fence lopping and other lopping which went on in that last decade of the eighteenth century. Root and branch work—an apt, a sinister simile. And so, perhaps, the planter of this hedge has followed—willingly or unwillingly—dreams begun in these quiet acres to their consummation in fresh woods and pastures new indeed.

Yes, the sons of the soil have wandered far afield, and this last century has seen changing times. The power of movement alone distinguishes man from the cabbage, says the trite humanist; and man has indulged his restless attribute until the static power of the vegetable has become the more impressive to the imagination. The hedger has gone, but his hedge remains, linking traditions, faithful to the soil. Yet even the hedges have suffered mutation. There are not so many as there were, and not even the country folk realize how many have gone. The old mounds still ridge the pastures here and there like ancient military works, and, indeed, sometimes yet cheat local antiquaries into the error made by Mr. Oldbuck at the Kaim of Kinprunes. Detached trees—mostly elms and ashes on the sand—mark where the cross fences ran in the big arable fields. A glance at any old large-scale map will show how extensive has been this grubbing; on this farm, for instance, almost every field was once four; and away over there on the limestone the enclosures were still more numerous. "Smaller the fields, better the land" holds good for most of the "old" lands of England.

People will tell you that these hedges were done away with to save space and to let the sun shine on the land. I am afraid not; the pressure that rooted them up was economic in another sense. Hodge, who went to Canada in 1870, could have told you what it was. Labour, not land, was being saved. And the hedges that remain tell the same tale; overgrown, rambling, full of bramble and briar; picturesque, but gap-scarred and neglected; eloquent of the decay of English agriculture. Rural depopulation—a trite, a facile phrase; trite words for a poignant fact, for it is this that gives that conscious pathos to the English fields; a conscious sense of failure, of defeat; beautiful, moving, but poignant as the cry of the pewits in the night-time. You hear the same cadence in a score of nursery rhymes and old songs, put there by the instinctive art of the parent singing to the child; you find it, maybe purposely expressed, in Randolph Caldecott's and Kate Greenaway's pictures.

"Heigh-ho! says Anthony Rowley," and smiles at his

firstborn; "Heigh-ho!" wondering if the lad will have as hard a time as his father. And again:

> If I'd as much money as I could spend,
> I wouldn't cry "Old chairs to mend!"

Or, with an ironic optimism typical of the countryman, of a generation that had, indeed, "naught to bring away at last when th' hunting day was done":

> They one unto the other said
> "This huntin' doesn't pay,
> But we've powltered up and down a bit,
> And had a rattling day."

This, you say, is straining a point? Such personal echoes are common to all humanity; to tinkers and tailors and candlestick makers as well as to those whose talk is of bullocks? But it is not altogether so: the tragedy of the tinker and the tailor and the candlestick maker, each as a class, is usually a brief and culminating one. A tragedy in individual cases maybe, but not a long-drawn-out agony for a whole category. The butchers and bakers and tailors have long ago migrated to the sucking, centripetal towns, where they thrive or fail according to individual luck or capacity. Circumstances have dealt painfully, but rapidly, with the tinkers and candlestick makers; there are none left to complain either in town or country. But the farmer cannot forsake his fields, and as yet society has not quite permitted him to follow the tinker into the limbo of forgotten crafts and callings.

No, though Hodge emigrated, and Farmer Brown went bankrupt last year, there is always another Hodge to take up the relinquished hoe: another tenant—of a sort—for "Labour-in-Vain." The life of the fields goes on, powerfully and in pain, but on and on down the disastrous years. Why? That is the very question many irritated "economists," who think in terms of industry, are asking to-day. If Farmer Brown really cannot make a decent living, cannot make his "industry" a paying one, why does not he close down? Why does he wait until he is bankrupt? Well, he does wait, and he does go bankrupt. "Labour-in-Vain" is to let, and his wagoner takes it and lives in the kitchen and works like a slave, providing food for the townsman at something

under cost price; and the economists point out that there are no farms to let. And *Triticum Repens* settles down to its work undisturbed and possesses all the fields; and when Hodge, late wagoner, leaves "Labour-in-Vain," no one will take it, and the old homestead decays, and the twitch-ravaged fields are taken over at a nominal rent by the next farm. Twitch and thorn bushes have their way, and only the gamekeeper and bird-nesting boys and the landlord—who's sold his mineral, and let the shooting, and doesn't care a damn—know anything about it.

But why doesn't the farmer give up before he's sold up? Because he is an incompetent fool, says the industrial critic again: his talk is of bullocks, and he is bovine in stupidity; no "initiative," no "organization." So this gentleman tersely sums it up.

And the analytic novelist on holiday strolls upon the country scene and casts a patronizing glance around. Perhaps he—or she—has been taking a course of Freud recently, and then we shall have a God's Eye View of Little Sandton indeed. The farmers will be boors, the labourers mostly half-wits, and the womenkind, well, they will match their men; they are all the same in the Eye of God. And, of course, these folk are sexual perverts, every one. There is no wonder farming does not pay, nor master nor man nor servant girl has time to attend to hobnail tasks, so avid are their sexual preoccupations. The corn grows, somehow, and the fen-land daffodils bloom—to make a picturesque background for murders and rapes and perversions of all kinds.

And of course, again, it is all very true. Didn't the late Lord Salisbury say that the only way to keep the labourer on the land was to build music-halls in the villages? And doesn't naughty Tommy Jackson play at "blind strike" with birds' eggs, and blow up frogs with a quill? And Farmer Brown gets market-merry every week; and young Lawrence beats his wife; and Bob Wilson sleeps with his housekeeper; and Emma Mason, the turnip singler, poor slut, had a bastard only last week; and Masters and Men hate each other like very poison? All these things are true of Little Sandton. And all these things are true of Big London, save that

in London Tommy Jackson has no eggs to smash, nor frogs to burst, but has to content himself with stoning cats when the R.S.P.C.A. inspector isn't looking.

Well, and what about it up here in the pleasant air this afternoon? What of it? All this is clotted nonsense, of course; why don't I, for instance, sell up and clear out? I'm not altogether a fool, though I am a farmer—a "Come-on" is the expressive designation, I believe, in the candid West. I know, looking across these patient fields, that I shall be a poorer man twelve months hence than now. I know it, I don't like it, I resent it—but I shan't sell up. Why? I might quote:

> Because of lineage, and because
> The soil and memories out of mind——

And I dare say I should not be far wrong. It is certainly some inherent inhibition that prevents my giving up. It's like going to sea; you're either a sailor or you're not; if you are, you'll go down to the sea in ships in spite of hard tack and shipwreck. It's the same with farming; it's a blind thing, an emotional thing, and that's why it will never be "industrialized." It's too personal, too intimate. Industry is a new thing, a game for Big Money to play with exaggerate solemnity. Farming's roots go deeper and further back. One might just as wisely speak of "organizing" marriage, as some folk in a way do. Marriage, say such, is only a social contract; its sacramental restrictions are out-dated, are galling to modern folk, its loyalties absurd. But ordinary folk still take the marriage vow; they find it irksome at times, at times they betray it. But in their hearts they know marriage is not a social contract; they do marry for better or for worse, and they—ordinary everyday folk—abide by the result; for better or worse. If things go wrong they think it hard, bitter, inexplicable. They may make a show of flippancy and affect the old-fashioned cynicism which every age in wearisome succession has called "modernity"; but if it were possible to subject these ordinary everyday folk to a veritable psycho-analysis, their subconsciousness would exhibit, among the lusts and repressions that are supposed to form the marriage "complex," something which, for lack of a worse name to describe it, may still be termed the Will of God.

And the farmer is everywhere up against the Will of God. If he is the exception, if he is too imperative, too impatient, to submit to it, he does, "decline farming"; Hodge does emigrate, and Farmer Brown does become a cash draper or an insurance agent. But ordinary men resent, scorn, blaspheme, and yet, in their secret souls, accept, the Will of God. They go on accepting it; they are inarticulate, tongue-tied; half-ashamed of their lack of "commercial" spirit; ironically amused at themselves. But they go on; their whole life is spent in dealing with the inexplicable—birth, growth, death, the incidence and vagaries of seasons, "Acts of God"; like the mariner, they are ever at the mercy of unknown deeps. Their most skilful endeavours can be negatived—and so often, so very often, are—by circumstances wholly beyond their control.

Such a life creates a very different habit of mind from that of men whose concerns are more calculable, more predictable; whose profits can be regulated by systematic "costings"; whose ultimate success depends in major part upon their own industry and skill, and on the efficiency of their machines. The Will of God can appear in a factory—can, and does; but in the factory it is an insurable risk. It walks the fields continually, and no insurance company will issue a complete prospectus against the manifold risks of its unpropitious emergence there.

Small wonder the farmer is a fatalist; finding himself so often inhibited by this incalculable agency, he develops a frame of mind looser, more uncertain, more tolerant of himself, than the townsman. He is apt to grumble when good luck does not help him out in circumstances where he should never have relied on it; but also he meets unexpected and undeserved disaster with patience—or with bovine stolidity if you will.

Tradition lingers longer in the country, too; and there the moving imagery of the Bible comes more aptly home. The countryman has seen chaff fly before the wind, he knows the beauty of green pastures and still waters, he knows that he is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, that only in the sweat of his brow shall he eat bread, and that at the end of his days he shall pass like the withering

grass. Scripture may have left his lips, may have left his conscious mind, but deep in his subconsciousness, among the psychologist's snakes and worms, its resigned spirit lurks, framing his will. The analytic novelist groping in the dark of the countryman's mind will not lay hold of any such shred of the homespun Christianity of yesterday; he will trace that half bitter, half fatalistic acquiescence to a source farther and dimmer; he will compare it, maybe, to the bleak northern temper of the sagas—and point out that Scandinavian blood predominates in Little Sandton to this day.

Maybe he is right; but whether it is God or demon that is reflected in the dark of the countryman's mind, Something certainly is reflected there. Something that walks the hills with dreadful feet, and leaves an impressive footprint on the little cosmos of the farm. Something imponderable, incalculable, inscrutable. Who, indeed, shall draw out Leviathan by a line?

And so, when industrial experts tell us how to farm, how to organize, we hold our peace. We know that if "farming" could be satisfactorily organized, we should not be told how to do it. The task would be taken out of our hands—if it were worth the attention of Big Money; but it isn't.

In a word, the very rational reason why farming does not attract Big Money is the very irrational reason why men stick to it, year in, year out, for better or worse, in sickness or in health, for richer or poorer. We talk of bullocks, of stock, of tractors, of "co-operation." Men gamble with us, with our lives and livelihood; men far away in stock exchanges, who do not talk of bullocks; they gamble with us as they gamble with all natural products.

And again, there you have it. We are natural products; our talk of prices and tractors is self-conscious pretence; it is an industrial age, and we must ape the fashion; but in our hearts we know it is pretence. We are natural products, and must share the fate of natural things. The farm hand is not so fit to survive as the machine hand. In the gentleman who so generously, and so regularly offers, per penny post, to advance me from £10 to £1,000 on my note of hand alone, Nature,

adapting herself to circumstances, has apparently evolved a fitter type than I.

There is nothing very dramatic about it; nothing, really, to attract that analytic novelist; the movement is too slow—slow to boredom, but inevitable. A long gambit, a tedious gambit, played out by Fate amid these chequered fields.

And they, the fields, are dreaming, dreaming; even this May afternoon the air is touched with a melancholy, a suspense, almost autumnal. For what is the countryside waiting? Possibly the large consciousness of the fields has a gift of foreknowledge; possibly this landscape knows that yet a few years and its commerce with the husbandmen will have ceased; farm and field will have followed the hedgerows, and the countryside be left to dream indeed.

In the plantation a wood pigeon is cooing, cooing; soothingly, deprecatingly. The sun is getting low, preparing with cynical obviousness to cast his age-old evening glamour; veiling his face; heightening effects, the old humbug; taking advantage of every circumstance of fan-like cloud and budding tree to throw his level, intriguing glances across these footlight woods. We fall beneath the spell; the wondrous light gilds the golden lichen on the gate-post, caresses the red bark of the Scotch firs. We experience once more the old surrender; we catch our breath with the ancient sense of awe, of mystery, of submission. Come, let us go home, down the hill, down the field-path, where so many have gone before us, pack on back, in the evening hour.

Rifki

By A. E. Coppard

In a little street off Heinestrasse lived a prosperous tradesman of Vienna, Shulim Jellinek, a young Jew. Shulim had married the daughter of a man who made peppermint, but he himself was a barber and, therefore, soon, under his tuition, his lovely and beloved wife Rifki had become a hairdresser and a manicurist, too, who did things in his saloon to ladies' hair and to the fingernails of gentlemen who were studious of their appearance and proud of their pointed shoes. In aspect Shulim was not so chaste as these, for he wore an Ethiopian look, and by the misfortune of life it invariably but untruthfully seemed as if he had not shaved for three days. Otherwise quite nice, artless and handsome. A gold tooth shone assuringly in his mouth, there was nearly always a wooden toothpick stuck in his right ear, and the fat small finger of one pale soft hand bulged with the very devil of a corrupting signet ring, a ring that a body-snatcher would have made a secret note of. In hot weather he wore cream duck trousers and purple socks. No saloon was more popular than his saloon; it was full of mirrors and perfumes and little cabins where the gentlemen sat holding out their hands to Rifki, and smiling at her; and Shulim was an astute man who believed in everything he said, although he seldom said the same thing twice about anything. He seemed, therefore, to be in accord with the opinions of all, which was wise of him, for only by subduing the flesh of egotism and accommodating himself to the spirit of others could he become a successful man; and then there was still left for realization the private fact of himself; his life, ambitions, potentialities, opinions, and desires were still there to interest him and Rifki. In short, a shrewd man of business, but—a flatterer and a liar. In other words, having a picturesque mind, he could not bring himself to control the crooked direction it so picturesquely took, and he held it for truth that provided

there was enough honey in your flattery, a lie would never turn upon the stomach. Dreadful—but so! Why are people made this way? If flattery is stupid and a lie is evil, why are such things so important—and useful? And then Rifki would tell him that this was very true, that he was so clever, there was no one like him on earth.

"It is the same with the Danube, Rifki," he would aver. "The river flows under the bridge, but does the bridge follow it? Learn from this, Rifki, that the bridge is yourself, the river is the stream of life; you are contrary to it, but you are of no use unless the river flows; you stand astride and contrary, but you must not impede the stream. Is it not so? Then let it flow."

"Shulim," says Rifki, "you are the most clever chap in the whole of the earth, O yes."

"Fine!" he cries, "and you are so beautiful as the Queen of China. In a hundred years I could not cease to love you."

"So, Shulim?" says Rifki. "But yet you are a great liar, and you are a great fool for a man so clever as you."

And Shulim, who had a mind like a conjuror's hat, it contained so many astonishing and unexpected secret things, thought within himself: "Ah, yes, this woman is sensible enough"—thought deeply within himself—"but she is not sensible enough to be spoken sensibly to."

To instruct her now would be unwise, for soon she was going to bear their firstborn, a young Jellinek—O pomegranates and lilies!—a man of five hundred thousand—O trumpets of Jehovah!—a lion of Judah; and at such times women must be humoured and petted and endured, or what would become of us all?

And Rifki, who was lovely and plump and divinely dark, in time bore the child. And they called it Louis, son of Shulim, the barber who dwelt in a little street off Heinestrasse and was accounted wise. So now, old and young Jellinek, son Louis and father Shulim; and the hope of the elder was to foster the cult of barberhood in the soul of this his offspring. But Herr Jellinek foresaw that at the age of eighteen his son would be called upon to become a soldier, and he would have willy-nilly to perform the military service that the fatherland imposed for a while upon all its sons. And that was obnoxious

to Jellinek *père*, for he—O harp of Zion!—was a peaceful man. Also he was accounted wise, wisdom and peace were his enviable accords. How then to avert—by the fairest means he could devise—here and now, while his son had advanced but a few days toward it, that ultimate calamity?

"Hallo, Rifki," he called softly, coming to her bedside and sitting there and stroking her hand; "I have thought of something, Rifki."

"Shulim, tell me," said she.

"I have thought of something. To-morrow I shall to the authorities go and register the little one as if he had been born two years. Two years ago, I shall say, my little son was born."

"But why will you do this, Shulim?"

"Because," he replied, "when the time comes for him to be taken for a soldier it will *seem* that he is eighteen years of age, but he will *really* be only sixteen, and his limbs will be small and his courage not good and his strength but as the strength of a little bird; and so the captains will say: 'Bah, who is this puny creature? Send him back home, we do not want him, he is no man!' Is it not so, Rifki?"

"Ach, yes, of course." Rifki was content that this should be so.

"I shall say that you have been in a foreign land and have just brought him home. What do you think of this, Rifki?"

"A foreign land?" mused she. "I think it was good, yes, very good."

And so it passed for a day, and Herr Jellinek was so elated that he nearly shaved off the nose of a man he had always mistrusted, though he beamed upon him with smiles. But the next day he came to his wife's bedside.

"Hallo, Rifki, hallo; I have thought of something—we cannot make that mistake of his age."

"Can you not?" said she.

"No," he said, "because little Louis is bound to go to a school when he is six years old. But then he will really be only four years of age—do you see?—and very backward for a child who is supposed to be of six. Everybody will say: 'What is this, O the stupid boy, such a

duffer! Whose child can this be, so foolish, and so weak?' His companions will oppress him and beat him, he will be so small—and of course it is impossible. Is it not so, Rifki?"

"Ach, yes, of course."

"What do you think of this, Rifki?"

Rifki pulled the milky nipple from her son's lips and fondled him with her cheek.

"I think it's a great shame, yes, very shameful," said she.

"Ah," Shulim thought within himself, "this woman is sensible enough, but not sensible enough to be spoken sensibly to."

And so it passed for another day, but in the morning he came to her again.

"Hallo, Rifki, I have thought of something."

"Ah, Shulim, tell me," said she.

"I shall not to the authorities go until two years hence, and then I shall register the little one as if he was just born—then."

"So?" murmured Rifki, "but why?"

"Listen," Shulim said. "When he goes to school for six years old he would then really be eight years old, and very forward and bright for a child of six, and everybody will say: 'Oi, who is this, what a clever child this Louis! What a scholar! Whose child can he be, so forward, so bright, so ingenious?' Is it not so, Rifki?"

"Ach, yes, of course, Shulim, of course."

"What do you think of this, Rifki?"

"Shulim, you are the most clever chap in the world."

And so it passed for a day, and for two days; then he came to his wife once more.

"Hallo, Rifki, I have thought of something. This will not do again, we cannot make the mistake of his age."

"So?" asked Rifki.

"Have you forgot the military? For when he will appear to be eighteen he will really be twenty, and they will take him into the army at once—he will look so good and strong and advanced for his age. 'Who is this well-built fellow, he is magnificent?' they will say, and they will never let him go again, never, no."

"They will make him a general?" suggested Rifki.

"Bah! no!" cried her husband, and he thought within himself: "This woman is sensible enough, but . . " Aloud he said: "Can you not see, we are undone, Rifki, flummoxed! O, I do not know what to do or which way to turn; at school he will be eaten alive, and in the army he will be scourged and ruined. It is cruel, a barbarous country, fraud and misfortune everywhere, it is terrible. What can a man do for this? Tell me, what can be done now?"

Rifki took the child to her breast and suckled him. She leaned smiling at that little nuzzling soldier for a long while, and then she said to her husband: "I have thought of something."

"Rifki, tell me," said he.

"Well, then, Shulim, why do you not register him of his right age?"

Well, so it comes to every man, the time when he learns the gods have forsaken him; his soul is a darkness, the oracle is dumb, he is no more or less than the fool he was born to be. Thus it was now, and Herr Jellinek could only exclaim: "O, Rifki, but you are so clever! Just imagine, I never thought of that!"

Maria Edgeworth

By M. M. B.

On New Year's Day, 1767, Maria Edgeworth was born in a little town near Oxford. Her father was an Oxford undergraduate who, at the age of twenty-two, married the first of a succession of four wives.

When Maria was six years old, her father (already married to his second wife) succeeded to the family estate at Edgeworthstown in County Longford—Goldsmith's native county. The future author of "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentee" was not to learn much about the land of her fathers at that time, for she was packed off to school two years later; and did not see Edgeworthstown again till she was fifteen.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth held remarkably advanced views on education, and with these he imbued his daughter almost from her infancy upwards, continuing, by letter, while she was at school. Maria, therefore, was a considerable authority on education, especially the education of women. Her "Letters to Literary Ladies," begun under her father's guidance at the age of fifteen, is an argument in favour of higher education for women. For twenty years, father and daughter were close companions and collaborated in the production of many educational works.

Maria's stories for children, which were designed to illustrate the principles set forth, helped to make more palatable a very dry and indigestible mental meal.

Mr. Edgeworth's matrimonial concerns never hindered, nor were hindered by, his literary work. He remained always a model husband and father. His daughter lived on terms of loving regard with each of her three stepmothers, and collaborated with them, also, in mothering the ever-increasing swarm of brothers and sisters.

The best work produced by this remarkable pair was the "Essay on Irish Bulls," published in 1802. But there had already appeared, two years earlier, an astonishing revelation of the stuff that was in Maria Edgeworth.

"Castle Rackrent," which must have been written while her father was on one of his short and adventurous wedding journeys, was an instant success.

"Without being so presumptuous," says Sir Walter Scott in his "General Preface" to the "Waverley Novels," "as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact, which pervade the work of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom, in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues and indulgence for their foibles."

In a letter written from Edgeworthstown on September 6, 1834 (printed for the first time in Miss Emily Lawless's "Maria Edgeworth") Miss Edgeworth herself gives a delightful account of how the story was written :—

"The only character drawn from the life in 'Castle Rackrent,'" she writes, "is Thady himself, the teller of the story. He was an old steward (not very old though at that time; I added to his age to allow him time for the generations of the family). I heard him when I first came to Ireland, and his dialect struck me, and his character; and I became so acquainted with it that I could think and speak in it without effort; so that when for mere amusement, without any idea of publishing, I began to write a family history as Thady would tell it, he seemed to stand beside me and dictate; and I wrote as fast as my pen could go."

"The Absentee" was first written as a play to be read aloud in the family circle. (Jane Austen, too, wrote her best work in the hubbub of the family sitting-room, and for the amusement of the family.) Mr. Edgeworth was enthusiastic and insisted on sending the play to try its fate with London theatre managers—much against his daughter's will. The state of politics then, however, barred any chance of its acceptance. Ruskin once said, "You can learn more of Irish politics by reading 'The Absentee' than from a thousand columns out of Blue books," and Macaulay did not hesitate to assert

that the climax of the story is equalled only by the opening of the twenty-second book of the "Odyssey." "The Absentee" is a powerful indictment of the Irish landlord who lives away from Ireland and leaves his affairs to an agent. Miss Edgeworth was, at the time when it was rejected, engaged on the second volume of a series of "Tales from Fashionable Life," and, being in need of a story to complete the book, she fell to work on the play and converted it into a short novel. Her publishers were clamouring impatiently for the "Tales" (they appeared in 1812) and Miss Edgeworth drove her pen ceaselessly in the bosom of her enormous family. In the same year she published a volume of "Popular Tales" which contained "Rosanna," a gem among Irish short stories.

Miss Edgeworth was now, about 1813, at the height of her fame. When she appeared in London on one of her many short visits, she was received with enthusiastic admiration by the greatest of a great literary period. In Paris she found herself equally, if not more, famous; but in spite of all the adulation, she remained the quiet, modest, and rather retiring woman she had always been.

One of the great joys of her life was the warm and firm friendship, begun by correspondence, between herself and Sir Walter Scott. She was about fifty-six when she visited the Scotts in 1823. The Lion and the Lioness, as the master of Abbotsford jocularly termed himself and her, took an equally keen delight in the numerous excursions among the Scotch hills and glens. A stone on which the Irish author rested now rejoices in the name of "Edgeworth's Stone." Two years later, Sir Walter crossed to Ireland, where he visited the Killarney lakes in company with Miss Edgeworth and his son and daughter-in-law.

Maria Edgeworth lived to see her eighty-second birthday. The last years of this great Irishwoman were devoted to relieving the distress among her father's tenantry caused by the Black Famine of 1846.

"Noo Yawk!"

A Small-town Man's Impressions of America's Largest City

By J. H. McCulloch

THERE used to be a popular ditty in which ran the following chorus:—

> Goodbye, dear old Manhattan Isle,
> Farewell, dear old Broadway:
> My heart belongs to you, dear town,
> Wherever I may stray.
> That I'll be true to you, to you,
> There's not the slightest doubt,
> For when you leave old New York Town
> You're only camping out.

These soulful words, I venture to remark, were written a long time ago, for it is inconceivable that anybody but a New Yorker of ancient vintage could give voice to such sentiments in verse.

New Yorkers! What manner of people are they? To answer that question, let us first consider them from the standpoint of the census. First of all, we may forget about the adults of American parentage who were born in the big city. They cut little or no figure in the five-million mob that inhabits Manhattan Island. The typical New Yorker is a bird of a different colour. The great majority of the people one sees on the sidewalks of New York were not born on Manhattan Island—or in any other part of the United States. A great group of them—the blue-coated lads who pound the sidewalks, direct traffic, drive the street-cars, and render service to John Hylan and Tammany Hall—had its origin in Ireland. Harlem, the coloured belt of the city, is the largest negro community in the world. The balance of the five million is made up of more or less typical Americans who came to New York from every State in the Union.

The typical New Yorker, therefore—the man who likes to pose as such—is not a New Yorker at all. He is merely a worshipper at the shrine of the Almighty Dollar. He is a small-town product with a thin coating of sophistication acquired by rubbing elbows with several million other small-town products.

With this brief introductory reference to New Yorkers let us turn our attention to their city. It is a wonderful place in many ways. It is big, handsome and rich. Its showy streets are very showy. Broadway at night is a stupendous electrical spectacle, but turn aside into 59th Street West and you immediately step into the gloom and squalor of an isolated negro street. Walk east from stately Fifth Avenue for five minutes and you will find a cheap and vulgar squalor that could not be easily duplicated. It is but a step from the canyons of the Wall Street section to the Bowery, where anything is liable to happen after dark.

The city is an island—Manhattan Island. The eastern boundary of the island is the East River; the western boundary is the majestic, palisaded Hudson River. These watery boundaries of Manhattan Island are the chief cause of New York's terrific traffic congestion. The great traffic arteries run north and south (or lengthwise) of the long, narrow island; cross-town traffic is subsidiary, for one can walk across the city, from river to river, in less than half an hour. The city of London in England, expands in all directions; traffic radiates freely to all points of the compass. Not so in New York! The American metropolis is bottled up by its watery boundaries. The consequent congestion has crowded homes off the island. There are no quiet residential streets in New York. The whole island is a mass of towering office-buildings, stately, terraced apartment blocks, and ruddy-coloured, decrepit tenements. Even on Riverside Drive, the aristocratic residential street fronting on the Hudson River, and on the residential section of Fifth Avenue facing Central Park, one can scarcely cross the streets in safety on account of the dense and speedy traffic.

So the toiler of New York who wants natural surroundings has to live outside the roaring city, and rents a house, or a part of a house, away out on Long Island

or half way across the State of New Jersey, and becomes a " commuter " ; a sort of human piston moving in and out of New York City morning and evening.

The congested traffic of the city is taken care of by street-cars that would be hooted off the streets of any respectable town, myriads of taxi-cabs, subways, municipally-owned and operated cross-town buses, elevated railways, and privately-owned and operated double-decker buses. The elevated railways are an affront to the ear and the eye alike. The subways, on the other hand, do not assault the eyes of the man on the street so grievously; all he sees of them are the paper-strewn kiosks leading down to the subterranean stations. These subways are interesting to anybody who studies the ways of humanity. The New York subways are cavernous and ill-ventilated, and the long trains of electrically-driven cars rush through them with a nerve-shattering roar that seeps up to the street. To get into the subway system, the passenger pops down a flight of stairs, pushes a dime into a hard-faced change-maker's window, scoops up two nickels, drops one into a turnpike, and passes through into the most congested railway system in the world. These turnpikes are symbolic of New York; that is, they operate for cash only, and are exceedingly vocal. I often wondered why New Yorkers stand for the unholy uproar of their subway stations. To watch the crowds boarding subway trains at the rush hours is a study in human nature. They stand there on the platform, their swart faces singularly expressionless, and when the train slides in they crowd towards the opening doors of the cars like so many sheep. A burly guard yells, " Let 'em out ! Let 'em out ! " in a tone suggestive of the evacuation of a burning building. Out come the passengers like sheep out of a dipping tank, and in crowd the waiting travellers. The trains are packed like cans of sardines—and they are decidedly more pungent on a warm day. Men and women, voiceless or querulous, jam themselves into the tightly-packed vestibules, and away goes the train, its fetid cars a sea of upturned, expressionless faces, men and women, black and white, brown and yellow, squashed together like sacks of meal. Civilization ! Ye gods and little fishes !

The one nice transportation system in New York is the line of two-decker buses that ply north and south along Riverside Drive and Fifth Avenue. One may travel for miles on these airy vehicles for a dime, and in comfort, for the law does not permit passengers to stand. It is very pleasant to sit atop of one of these vehicles on a sultry evening and trundle alongside the Hudson River. The only fly in the ointment is the frequent necessity of sitting behind amorous young couples who are crudely oblivious of the eyes of other people. The swain of New York City wears his love on his shoulder, in public, so to speak. It is "'Enry and 'Arriet on a 'arf 'oliday" all over again, but with this big difference: the 'Enrys and 'Arriets of New York wear standardized American clothes. I often think that the semi-ready American suit covers a multitude of social deficiencies.

In many other little ways the average New Yorker indicates his original background—his long chain of heredity. I found that the foreign-born element, and their American-born offspring, are eager to pose as people of culture and consequence. There is an artistic streak in most of these continental Europeans. They like music, for instance, and the younger generation—even the most ignorant of them—can whistle and sing bits of operatic music picked up in the theatres. It took me a few months to find out that this familiarity with classical music was more apparent than real. I found that broken-nosed taxi-drivers of East Side were as familiar with snatches of Caruso's outbursts as the Russian lady of my acquaintance on Riverside Drive who claimed kindred with the late lamented Czar.

British people were a bit staggered some time ago when Arthur Henderson was denied the privilege of speaking in Hartford, Conn.; the prohibition seemed out of place in a country where murderers are seldom punished in a city almost within sight of the Statue of Liberty. The Briton has no conception of the self-righteousness of the "100 per cent. American."

One encounters a great deal of superficial courtesy in New York, and a very great deal of crude and calculated discourtesy also. I went into the book department of a great department store and asked a saleswoman

for the book called: "Where and How to Sell Manuscripts." She reached for the book, looked for the price, and turned to me with an insolent snicker.

"T'ree fifty! Gee! I'll bet that's more than you'll ever get for your stories, eh? 'Tain't woith the money."

I was in another great store on Fifth Avenue making a purchase, and after fighting down a strong impulse to walk away from the saleswoman—her expression and loud, rasping voice were equally hostile and offensive—I waited patiently for my change. Something was wrong in the cash department. Five minutes went past, and the hard-faced saleswoman yelled something down a tube. Another five minutes went by. The floor-walker was then called over, and the saleswoman explained to him that "The guy's bin waiting ten minutes for his money." Another ten minutes went by before I got my change. When it did come, it was handed to me without a word of explanation or apology from either the saleswoman or the floor-walker.

You find the same insolence in barbers' shops. The customer is persistently solicited for further business while he wriggles in discomfort as the tonsorial artist pauses in his work to jabber in a foreign tongue to some friend who has dropped in to discuss the horse races or the fight between Dempsey and Tunney as he leans against your chair.

One encounters this crudeness and discourtesy everywhere in New York. If you ask a policeman for street directions, he will probably glare at you and reply querulously, "What's the idea, Jack? Can't yuh read the signs?"

Generally speaking, responsible business offices have a pleasant atmosphere of courtesy. This is particularly true of the great newspaper and publishing offices. The obscure journalist looking for a job can see the managing editor of the stately *New York Times* without the slightest difficulty, and, furthermore, will be given a courteous hearing. The same fine dignity and courtesy are characteristic of the executive offices of the great business houses. One can always see the big men of New York; they are always courteous and approachable. To be sure, much of this graciousness is from the teeth

out, but even so, it is preferable to boorishness. But in the lower strata of business, crude discourtesy and evasiveness are all too common.

There are, in New York, a very large number of transparent tricksters who occupy expensive offices. I do not refer to the agents of powerful criminal rings that Richard Washburn Child is exposing at the present time; I have reference to the so-called executives who live precariously by their wits. These people always manage, somehow, to batten on legitimate business. They are an interesting crowd. Living dangerously by the sweat of their jaw-bones, they develop what is known in New York as "cageyness." If you should try to reach them by telephone, you encounter an interrogative office girl who will question you very closely before giving you any inkling of her boss's whereabouts. If you call at these offices, the chances are that you will be confronted by a cold-eyed, completely insolent girl with carmine lips and long, translucent nails smeared with liquid polish. You ask politely for Mr. Jones. The fishy-eyed Gabriel parries with a question as to your name and business. You intimate that your business is personal. The smeary one satisfies herself that you are not bringing grist to the mill, leaves her chair reluctantly, adjusts her bobbed hair, disappears into an inner office, and after a while she reappears and, gazing right through you, tells you that Mr. Jones is "in conference." That is your cue to get out. Studied discourtesy!

But let us be fair to New York. From the material standpoint, it has many wonderful possessions. There is Coney Island, if one likes the garish, and has no objection to the fumes of garlic and savage fights over girls. The Zoo at Bronx Park is a wonderful place—a credit to any city. Then there is Central Park, which separates the residential portion of Fifth Avenue from West Side. It is a beautiful park, where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile. And dogs! New York is surely the most dog-infested city in the world. The canines stare haughtily at you from the sumptuous seats of limousines, bark at you from West Side apartment windows and East Side fire-escapes, and entangle themselves with your feet on the sidewalks and in the parks.

Why New Yorkers keep them I don't know, unless it is that a dog is preferable to a childless apartment. The poor brutes have absolutely no liberty. There are no backyards for them to bury bones in, and they can't go on the streets unless they are muzzled and on a leash.

Then there is the Museum of Art on Fifth Avenue, full of the rich endowments of American multi-millionaires. There one may look upon the great works of Sargent, Whistler, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Rosa Bonheur, and a host of other immortals of the brush. The Almighty Dollar put these great collections of paintings there for the edification of New Yorkers.

Then there is the great new Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which is pointed out to visitors with the invariable remark: "It cost three million dollars. Some layout, eh?" And the Church of the Transfiguration, better known as "The Little Church around the Corner." Shrill visitors come in a stream to see this historic little church, "where all the movie stars are married." Shades of Joseph Jefferson!

Yes, New York is quite a place. In terms of money, and the monuments that money rears, it is truly great. In character, in culture, in sterling Americanism, there are, fortunately, far greater American cities than the one on Manhattan Island. Across the hall from where I lived on East Side was a retired New York policeman. He was born in New York, and had lived there all his life. Like so many native New Yorkers, he despised the modern city.

"This ain't Noo Yawk," he used to say to me. "It's Europe! What a town this used to be! 'Twas a fine place to live in, I'm tellin' youse. Man dear, we had the life of Willie Riley in them days. But look at it now! Can you beat it? I tell you, they'll soon be eating each other!"

There is some truth in that observation, for New York, they say, is growing at the rate of 300,000 a year, and if New Yorkers are not as yet actually eating each other, they are doing more and more of the preliminary snarling.

Lost Property

By R. H. Mottram

As Mr. Burnish emerged from the railway station at Easthampton, he asked himself why he had bothered to come down to that out-of-date old hole. It was not like him to be out of temper with any journey he took. He seldom had reason to be. His career, these twenty years, had been one long progress from success to success, and he was certain of being made a joint General Manager, and felt that, beyond that, he would know how to get himself on to the English Board of United Oleaginous, before he retired. But whether it were a spasm of indigestion—he had tried that part of his organism pretty severely with hurried and interrupted meals—or whether it were the east coast wind, that he had been unaccustomed to for some years now, or what it might be, he could not determine. No man was less introspective than he, and as he threaded his way between the dirty wind-ruffled puddles of the station approach, he merely felt an undiagnosed and unconcealed spite against the day, the weather, and the job. This he had readily translated into spite against the station people, slow-moving clods, who walked as though still upon the furrows of the surrounding fields. No taxi. He had not been to Easthampton for so many years that he had not realized that the place still did not provide taxis unless you ordered them beforehand. Independent lot of swine, they would have to wake up if they were in London or any big town! But they were far from realizing the fact and had only stared at his vehemence. At last he had made them understand that his bag must be carried to the Old George. Fortunately he had had his typist telephone for a room there, or perhaps they would have said they hadn't got one. He would walk to the local depot of the United and shake them up. He did. It wasn't far, and he arrived there with his ill-humour unabated.

The local office was not by any means an advertisement

for a great world-wide concern like the United. Incidentally that was one of the reasons why he had come down that day. The United was now in a position to incur expense that it would not have contemplated in its infancy. It had made its start in Easthampton as elsewhere, as an " agency," run by some shopkeeper in spare time. Then it had had to have a store, and the shopkeeper of those days—about 1900 probably—had naturally chosen one on Station Causeway. Mr. Burnish had been " through the mill," as he sometimes expressed it; there was not an expedient that he was not familiar with. The original agent, whoever he might have been, had set up the store on Station Causeway because it was cheap. Easthampton was one of those one-horse old shows that had held the railway at arm's length, and even now the Causeway from the station to the town was lined with one-storey shops and offices, and broke abruptly into Bishopgate, the old main street through what had obviously been, in the forties, someone's back yard. And so one-horse was Easthampton still that it was the very last distributing point in Mr. Burnish's area that had not been rehoused, adequately officed, laid out with all that eye to advertisement that Mr. Burnish had so religiously preached and practised, and which, he always said, and no one contradicted, had so much contributed to keeping the United ahead of all competition.

When he reached the place, resplendent alone by the purple and gold signs of the United, Mr. Burnish felt more than ever that the time had come to sweep it all away. It had that cheap and nasty look of living upon advertisement rather than value, that Mr. Burnish knew was already out-of-date, and Royalty itself had urged the business world to discard. Mr. Burnish was nothing if not up-to-date. He knew that smartness and tone had already superseded mere blatant salesmanship, and that the public, although increasingly moved by petrol and lubricated by oil, wanted these commodities to hand when needed, but not thrust upon the landscape to which they were unnecessary. Also it suited his mood at the moment to shift something. Destruction, he felt, would be soothing, and he pushed the door open with his foot.

The place was small and stuffy, with an oil stove. There was a partition painted verdigris-blue, with an inquiry wicket, but Mr. Burnish went straight to the farther door and entered the inner office, and found himself confronted by a tall boy, with hair falling over his forehead, and a thick underlip that drooped. The look of this servant of the United did nothing to mollify Mr. Burnish, who was of a square and bouncing build. He regarded the lad sharply, and the lad regarded him, from the dimple of his hat to the shining toe-cap that protruded beyond his spats.

"Manager in?" said Mr. Burnish.

"Noo," said the boy, broadly East Anglian.

"Where is he?"

"Aout!"

Mr. Burnish fumed.

"Where's he gone?"

"On his raound."

Mr. Burnish looked at the boy with both eyes, in that celebrated manner of his that had so often proved effective. But the boy only looked back at Mr. Burnish with an open questioning mouth.

"You don't know me?"

"Noo!"

"You will soon!" exploded Mr. Burnish, and slammed both doors behind him.

He strode up Station Causeway, and along Bishopgate to the George with feet that spurned the pavement. At the hotel he was slightly gratified to find that his bag had been taken up to his room. Not to lose a minute he stepped into the smoke-room behind the bar, ordered a double whisky and asked for the telephone directory. Both were immediately provided. Both helped Mr. Burnish to smooth his mere irritation into his more usual conquering good humour. Moreover, there was something delicately flattering about the fact that he, J. G. Burnish, who had been a charity boy, receiving his education and his start in life in this very Easthampton, from which he had run away directly his adolescent pushfulness had perceived the enormous walls of privilege and habit that had to be scaled before he could climb to any height in that isolated capital of East Anglia, was

now back in the same place, well above those obstacles. As he sipped his whisky and turned over the directory, glancing at the names of the house agents, he smiled. He had sometimes run errands for threepence for commercial gentlemen at this very George Hotel. And here he found what he wanted. Stangroom the auctioneers. They held their heads pretty high. He would employ them. Ordering another whisky he rang them up, told them he was J. G. Burnish, United Oleaginous, and described the type of property he desired.

They seemed to guess his very thought, mentioned a property on Riverside—would send him a card to view. He went upstairs to wash, having swallowed his second drink. He did not feel like tea. He had not even the welfare of the United uppermost in his mind. He was occupied with planting the imprint of J. G. Burnish firmly upon the place that had witnessed his early struggles. When he had washed his mood cooled somewhat. There was the card to view waiting for him. He put on his coat and hat and went out into the March afternoon. It would be light enough for his purpose. But somehow he now felt something was missing. It had all been a little too slick. The girl in the smoke-room had served him through a wicket, he had not seen her face. The exchange operator at the telephone had been a voice only. The clerk at Stangroom's another voice—rather a cheeky one, he fancied, saying: "Oh, yes, sir, we have the right thing for you!" just as the telephone girl had repeated Stangroom's number with a mocking interrogative emphasis. It was all right, of course, well organized modern business had to be run with just that competent civility, but there was a man inside Mr. Burnish's waistcoat, who had not wholly surrendered to the United, who still lusted primevally for loot and triumph. That man was complaining now—would have liked all these unseen servants grovelling and fawning round his victorious feet, would have liked to have stiff-necked old Stangroom, with all his professional dignity, rubbing his hands and saying: "This way, Mr. Burnish, sir, if you please!"

Instead of which, here he was walking off quietly by himself, as if there was nothing remarkable about him!

It was not many steps across old Bishopgate, down

into the old street called Riverside. It was a thoroughfare that dated from the days before the railways had throttled all the water-borne traffic, when maltsters and manufacturers had built themselves great square old dwelling-houses, with warehouses and yards reaching down to the river, as people did in the days when they used to live over or next to their businesses. Mr. Burnish could remember them still inhabiting the place, had had more than one rebuff from surly old men in top hats that were yet to be found about those parts, in his young days. Now it was practically deserted, the big old houses turned into depositories or warehouses, the gardens into lorry parks, or lined with crates and strewn with papers. No one was there, of course, at that time of day, and Mr. Burnish had to look about him for a moment before he could find the No. 13 indicated by his card. Annoyance and whisky culminated together with the essential Burnish in one tremendous knock which he gave with the knocker. No bell! And that great solid old house front, two windows each side of the portico that contained the door, a sort of wing window, beyond each of the pairs, and the whole defended by mossy old stone posts, joined by rusty dissolving chains, put a fine edge upon Mr. Burnish. He would show them, he said to himself. Had anyone catechized him at that moment as to whom he meant, he would have been in a difficulty. The past, all he had risen above, and something he couldn't rise above, glowered at his active convex figure and he glowered back at it. What a mass of bricks and mortar! What it must have cost! What about repairs! Nothing happened. No one answered his knock. It was not getting any lighter. There was not a soul about. Mr. Burnish took a pace backwards off the step of the porch, and scanned the upper storeys. Above the ground-floor windows ran a stone course. Above that there were the first-floor windows—a big one over the door, two each side, one beyond that each side. Above was another stone course and smaller square windows. Mr. Burnish was no amateur of architecture. On the other hand, he was a man who had risen so swiftly that he had to be continuously watchful to see that he omitted none of those rites that were proper to the sphere in which he was

now finding himself. The front of the old house impressed him with a need for care. Its amplitude and stateliness gave him exactly the feeling that he was confronted with one of those empty gestures that leisured people whose living has been earned for them, have time to make. Chastened, his glance fell, and he saw that the door had been opened for him. He went in, holding out his card and peering. The door closed behind him.

Although the afternoon was drawing in, there was light from the fan of glass over the door, and from two tall windows on the massive stairs that confronted him. He looked at the person who had let him in, very old, very owlish; he had an idea for a moment that she stared at him.

"Good afternoon. Card from Stangroom's. I should like to see over the premises."

Instead of taking the proffered card, the person turned away, and he put it on a great heavy old settle that stood to his right. He very nearly put his hat there, too, then thought he wouldn't. His half moment's hesitation had been sufficient for the caretaker to get well away from him, and he had to glance sharply to see her disappearing under the stairs. He hurried after, calling:

"Here—I say!"

Under the stairs was a steep flight of steps, and Mr. Burnish wanted to know why he was being taken down them. But before he could catch up he arrived at the bottom, and gazed about him. It was a cellar. Lighted by gratings giving on to the street, he could distinguish the brick vaulting resting on substantial piers. Priceless. Absolutely fire-proof. An ideal store. It was just like him to pitch on a thing by instinct, the first time. Why, this place, as he knew to the United's cost, would take a young fortune to build! Here it was, could be filled from the street—a lift at the back, to empty from the other side. Perfect. A stout wooden door standing open enticed him. He passed through. Twice perfect. This second cellar was a duplicate in size of the first. Almost incredible good luck. But what were all these brick bays furnished with substantial iron racks? He nearly asked. Then nearly bit his tongue out for having been on the edge of showing such a lack of tone. Wine,

of course. Mr. Burnish approved. He couldn't take it himself, didn't suit him. He had inherited an affinity for malt, but none for the grape. Unfortunately the latter had a tone the former lacked. So he smiled and reflected, people used to want wine. Now they wanted petrol. He would see that they got it. He had quite lost his conductress this time.

Moving back quickly into the first cellar, he just caught her disappearing up the stairs, and hastened after. He was well pleased with what he had seen, but his native caution did not desert him. Besides, you never knew, in out-of-the-way places like Easthampton. He wanted to ask what the place was assessed at for rating. He quickened his pace, as his guide turned to the left, in the stone-flagged hall, and entered a high square room, lighted by two tall sash windows. The walls, above the handrail, were divided into large round-topped panels, the interspaces decorated with garlands and figures in low-relief, below an emphatic cornice. Mr. Burnish, still impressed, was calculating. Do for an office, if you could make away with all this "extravagance," as he called it to himself, in the wall decoration. He supposed it was only wood, and you could soon have it down. He stopped to tap it with his finger. Plaster, hard as stone. He had to hurry on. His guide was no longer visible. There was a further door in the corner, leading to a stone passage that ran athwart the back of the hall. There she was at the end. He had a glimpse of a kitchen the size of a barn as he strode along, through another door, into another high square room, same sort but different pattern of ornament, evidently the counterpart of the one he had just left, but the other side of the hall. Well, the colour was good. This one French grey. The other had been lilac. So long as there weren't any beastly papers on the walls!

The other door of this room led, of course, back into the hall. The next thing was to go upstairs. Apparently the caretaker person had already done so. Mr. Burnish would have been annoyed with her, had her way of showing him round not coincided so well with his own requirements. He wanted to look, and not to be talked to. He knew what he was after. No one could tell him. In

the process of looking, standing as he now was, on the wide landing of the first floor, he became aware of the ceiling. The corners were cut off by little concave panels, leaving a wide circular portion, moulded in low-relief into a sort of picture. Some heathen god in classic robes was pursuing across that plaster expanse a female figure whose flowing draperies merged into clouds and cupids. The god himself was surrounded by satellites—what-d'you-call-ums—Mr. Burnish had been told about them, but having little interest in, or capacity for, such matters, had only retained the fact of a difference between saints and heathen images, so as not to look a fool, to which he had a great objection. But this particular group, to look at which he tilted back his head until his collar cut into the folds of his neck, struck him as comic, and that biscuit-coloured pursuit—it was something like the way in which he was pursuing the caretaker round this old house, and he almost chuckled. Not quite, however. He was too busy, and his sense of humour never had time to expand. He was already thinking that this sort of decoration wouldn't do. You couldn't have clerks and typists and people running about under presentations of the nude, and he said aloud "No!"

His "No!" came back out of that pictured vault so sonorous that it brought him sharply to himself. He passed on surveying the empty rooms on either hand. These first-floor rooms looked out at the back, on to the overgrown garden. They were not so big as the rooms downstairs, but more decorated. Here was one with an old wallpaper, all faded and flaky, a Chinese design in gold. By its bay window this would be a sort of upstairs drawing-room. The others were bedrooms, all with doors opening out of the larger into the smaller, and one of these smaller rooms of a rare elegance, so that even Mr. Burnish scented, as it were, the idle, delicate woman who had once used it, for he aspired to nothing more than to gallantry.

His interest was, however, cursory. He was beginning to feel doubtful about the possibility of adapting the premises to the needs of the United. The ground floor was all right, but above that he found the scale of the building altogether too lavish. Pull it down, or let a

portion? He didn't see at the moment how it could be managed. He tried to imagine it with neat glass partitions, a telephone in the centre of this panel, ventilators in the windows, swing doors replacing those great heavy old panelled ones, and felt more doubtful than ever. Moving on, he came, at the end of the passage, to a queerer room than ever, with the widest window seats he had ever seen, barred windows and a wall-paper all nursery rhymes. Ah! nursery. He had never had such a thing, could form no picture of a state of things in which childhood was the object of so much solicitude. His own had been passed in the street, learning to get out of the way of things bigger than himself. But this room, taken together with the certain stateliness of the place, which even he could not miss, and the considerable absence of sanitation, enabled him to come to an unusually abstract conclusion. This place was just so much Lost Property. It belonged to a time when people had been able to eat and drink, have children and servants—in fact, an establishment, without thinking about it. The people who had built and occupied this house obviously knew nothing about sanitary inspectors, auditors, rateable value or insurance. They and their time were all gone by. This their property was derelict, like a purse dropped in the street. Well, it was getting dark, he had seen enough. Where was that old woman? He would give her half a crown, for he knew how to behave. She hadn't gone downstairs again, he would swear, she must have gone up. He called out.

"That will do, thanks!" but disliked the sound of his own voice intensely. Here were stairs, going up! Groping for the handrail he mounted. She must have gone to get a light, that was it. At the top, a long passage, lighter than below, the doors of all the small rooms being open. Servants' rooms? What a quantity! You really wanted to cut out the first floor, and put this floor on the top of the ground floor. It would be ample for a caretaker, or even a manager. He strolled along. No one, no sign of life. She must have gone down some other way. At the end were two solid, low-browed doors. Surprising how the architecture showed, that in coming up a flight of stairs, you had gone down a step in society. No elegance here. Solid use. He

opened the nearest door, and to his astonishment found himself stepping out on to the lead flats that surrounded the roof. Beastly dangerous. He closed that door and opened the other. Very steep dark stairs going straight down. He descended gingerly. Here a landing, and then down again, darker still, until he came out through an archway, his feet grating on stone. He was in the kitchen. Great empty old barn. Door into the hall presumably? It was shut and locked. This way then. Scullery, solid stone sink, by gum. Larder, great slabs of stone. Whatever for? Ah! Game. Now a sort of back entry. Feeling his way, his hand encountered a handle. It turned, and he was out in the open air. He stepped aside to see from what part of the house he had come, and the door swung to behind him and latched. Oh, well, the old girl would miss her half-crown, she shouldn't have neglected her job.

He was in a narrow lane between two high walls, and turned to the left. Here was the end of the wall. The next moment he stopped dead. Four feet below him, oily in the twilight, flowed the sluggish river. He turned back, and retraced his steps, sweating profusely. He suddenly realized that his own voice and footsteps were the only sound he had heard since he entered No. 13. For the first time he thought the number suspicious. Most suspicious of all this alley, out of which he could not find his way, in the heart of the town in which he had been born.

He hurried on, uphill, panting, definitely pursued now by something sinister. That door on to the leads, those breakneck stairs, that unrailed river bank seemed to him so many attempts to make away with him, the spectre caretaker a lure, and the figures on the ceiling a warning mockery.

Then, turning a corner, and passing beneath a low archway, he came out in Mariners' Row. In twenty yards he was out in Bishopgate. Once amid shops, in the glare of lamps and bustle of traffic, he heaved a sigh of relief. Looking back down Mariners' Row, he could not for the life of him determine where he had come from.

Hurrying back to the "George" he found, as he expected, the local manager waiting for him, obsequious.

He was not feeling himself, and would have preferred whisky, but the local manager offered champagne, and he felt obliged to take it. They dined together, Mr. Burnish dilating on the possibilities of the premises he had surveyed. He had a recollection of drinking port, but not of much else, until the morning, when he woke with every symptom of an influenza cold. He had to keep to his room for a couple of days. The first thing he did when he was about again was to send for the manager, to hear what had transpired about the new premises. To his astonishment the answer was: "Can't find it. You said No. 13, Riverside."

"That's where I went. What do you mean?"

"There is no No. 13!"

"Rubbish. What do Stangrooms say?"

"No such property on their books. Never sent you a card. Don't seem to know you!"

Mr. Burnish fumed, went to look himself, got mixed up with washing hung out to dry, and derisive children, in alleys off Mariners' Row, nearly went to Stangrooms, but disliked the thought of old Stangroom's eye. In the end gave it up, took a derelict cinema—not his dream by any means—take a lot of expense to convert. But nothing else to be done. He had lost three days. Unprecedented! Moving away from the trees and spires, still almost as numerous as trams and smoke-stacks in the city of his birth, he mused on the queer business. He daren't tell a soul, for he was more afraid of being laughed at than anything else in the world. And laughed at he undoubtedly would be. He could remember every detail of that house that wasn't there. And going over it all in his mind, he felt that already something was laughing at him. And he was so unconscious of having deserved it. He had behaved himself. Then for a moment a gleam of extra intelligence shot through his mind, occupied with the immediate and the obvious. Lost Property, he had likened the old place to. By George, it was!

Luge of the Snowland

By J. M. N. Jeffries

LUGE of St. Moritz, my companion during these recent days of winter-sport, hail and farewell! From me to you no other greeting is as appropriate as the old Roman tag. Ten days I came to pass with you out of the South, and swiftly they are sped. It seems but a few hours since I bestrode you once more, and now once more I must leave you. So between us it has really been but hail and farewell; and that is the sadness of it, you donor of such fleeting delight, you little voice grown too soon an echo.

It was wonderful to find you again almost where first I had met you. In the afternoon, after the long stage from Milan to Tirano, that iron eagle, the Bernina railway, had taken me in its talons and had mounted the abysses and dropped me anew six thousand feet up amid the palaces of the sky. And straightway I had hurried to a well-remembered room, where skis and luges line the walls like unemployed soldiers of fortune, waiting the arrival of the hirer. There you were in the heap, and I routed you out and we went home together. I scarcely knew my pleasure. And perhaps next morning I knew it even less, awakening to a quiet world and half doubting where I was, till to my ears there came, shivering like the Northern Lights across the air, the sound which told me I was again in that snowland which fairies might envy to men.

To have heard that sound once is to hold it in memory for ever. It flits through the silence without warning and it lasts but the space of a breath. Half a clatter and half a sigh, half a whistle and half a tear, it flew past my window, the sound of the skis, whose wearers were early abroad upon some distant journey.

During the days which followed we watched those lordly skiers often. How various and how marvellous they are! There are swift skiers who pass like shadows, and splendid skiers who put on their strips of hickory-wood, give a stamp for strength and a glide for grace and a prance for glory, and then turn and go down

the mountain-side like comets. There are skiers who plod and skiers who move with the gait of undecided dachshunds, and skiers who descend the slopes boldly but at the foot of them turn into snow-explosions. There are child skiers like woolly jewels, and there are those infinitely sympathetic figures who fly past you still upright, but having all too clearly overdrawn their balances. We have watched them often, and there were days, indeed, when I did not take you out, but returned late, pensive and with much snow in my hair. That was when I joined the skiers, as a sort of camp-follower.

But neither of us ever joined the curlers. We stood afar at times, however, and wondered at that great outburst of joy of life which they call curling. It began by puzzling us, for we assumed that it had some precise aim; but I think it was upon a morning when we had stopped to watch the curlers on the Kulm rink that the truth came suddenly to our minds. Curlers are but men who aim at unravelling their gayer complexes, at loosing the jollity in their hearts. The implements they use, the rules they affect to follow, the ritual through which they go, none of these things at the bottom means anything to them at all. For there is not and cannot be any purpose in the actions of men who scamper over the ice, crying, "I like it. . . . I don't like it," who slide half pepper-mills at ninepins, who rush along with brooms, who brush frenziedly with them at the surface of the ice, trying to solace it as if it were a tormented dog. Better to drag the works of Shakespeare for ciphers than to seek for a meaning in all this. But once realize, as we did that morning, that curlers' gambols are akin to the boundings of the Russian ballet, that curling is but one long, lissom frolic, and everything grows plain.

. . . . . .

We have no more curling to watch to-day, however. We have done with winter sports almost as we were beginning them. They are signalling the last course for us; the moment of departure is approaching. In the distant lowlands which you have never seen other things demand me. There are dearer ties below in that weaker sunshine; greater tasks in the black streets of the cities. The destinies of the earth are clouding to a storm, and

the figures of new men show strange on the horizon. It is meet and it is proper to descend.

But, oh my little luge, we have had days together. We have seen the shining mountains and the sun which spread its locks in the sky and was proud. We have lived awhile in the immortal world of children; as I drew you about on the snowy roads, you were the very symbol of my artlessness. So bear with me a trifle longer, you who have so often borne me, luge of the happy white country, luge of last year and luge of this hour, luge single and luge generic, one luge and many luges, luge of St. Moritz and of Mürren and of Chamounix, of Suvretta and of the Village Run. Come with me in spirit on yet another run, the last run down, back into current affairs and conventional pleasures and politics, into the damps of duty and the flats of the lustreless world.

How often we have gone down together on slippery ways! I lay on you, gripping my best at your sockets. Then a flag waved; "Ready!" they cried and tilted us over the edge. And then nothing mattered but you and the track before us. A turn and then a turn and there was the high bank, for us to surge up and slip and so with a clatter of the runners skid into the trough and—when all went well—straighten out ineffably and be down and away. A modest run, verily, and none know better than you how I braked and how often we parted company. But we had our moments and we compared with our peers, and I ask no more.

. . . . . .

The ice has gone now, though, and the snow is thinning and silently the mountains are folding back into the foot of heaven. No longer slides the runner, no longer thrills the turn. Soon there will not be any snow, but stones and the soil upon which men must labour to move. Little visionary luge, it has come to our good-bye. You shall be rapt to the old run and, back in your steel and wood, may you serve others as you have served me! For my part, I go first to where those ragged bundles project from those fitful stained patches, to where the palms rise out of the flower-beds of Nice. And thence who knows whither. Farewell, little luge, farewell! . . . and perchance some day again hail!

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

God's Own Country

Heddle had been reading President Coolidge's complacent review of the prosperity of the U.S.A., and his general eulogy of the American race.

"Putting it on a bit thick," commented the proprietor. "You'd think the Americans were the only pebbles on the beach."

"So they are," said Sergeant Murphy. "On the Yankee beach, I mean. After all, what else could a Presidint do but cast a few bokays at the nation that had the good sinse to elect him? You wouldn't expect him to be so indelikit as to dwell on lynchin's in Georgia or gunmin in Chicago. His publicity man would get an injunction agen him on the spot."

"But they're all the same," went on Heddle. "I've been reading in one of them American magazines——"

"You shouldn't, Heddle," said the Sergeant reprovingly. "At your time of life it's dangerous. You'll be timpted next to sign a coupon for a correspondince course, and you'll be a movie star, leadin' the fast life in Hollywood.

"But about the Americans, you mustn't judge be the loud wans that are reported in the papers. I've known thim in their own counthry as well as in France durin' the war, and if you ever find wan of thim wavin' the Stars and Sthripes to an ondecent extint, it's odds on he's wan gineration down from a Slovak or some other fancy race that writes its name from right to left.

"Thim noisy wans are really the modestist min in the world. Whin they talk big, it's like a timorous man on a lonely road shoutin' to keep his courage up. That fellah Frood would say they were sufferin' from an inferiority complex."

"Who's Frood?" asked Heddle.

"Oh, he's just some sort of a foreigner. Clever, too, but with a mind resimblin' the bottom of a Constantinople dust-bin. He'd tell the crowin' branch of the U.S.A. that Star-Spangled-Banner stuff spells weakness, not stringth.

"All the same, if you read the articles in the American

magazines, you'll find that the wan sure road to popularity is to tell the Americans what a splindid lot of fellahs they are in comparison with measly Europeans —particularly ourselves. Presidints, schoolmasthers, editors, and the like, before being enrolled, have to recite set speeches on the subject before qualifyin'. And whin the Threasury returns show a big surplus, the whole population rallies round in prayers of thanksgivin.'

"I suppose they can't help it. It's an instinct. No wan ever wint to America except to make more money. Hince they adore money. It's the best thing they know.

"Even the decent Americans—and there's a lot of thim, fellahs that wouldn't cross the road to registher their votes, sit up and take notice whin a question of money crops up. As a result, it's with a sinse of pain and injustice they hear that there's still some money left in Europe over and above what's needed to pay the war debts.

"A little while ago Secretary Hoover nearly burst a blood-vessel denouncin' us for resthrictin' the output of rubber to prevint it becomin' a dhrug on the market. The other day he advised the American cotton growers to resthrict supplies in ordher to get better prices. The difference, you see, is that wan's rubber and the other's cotton.

"Between ourselves, I don't think the Americans and ourselves will ever undherstand wan another. There's millions and millions in the Middle West States that have never seen a European except the type that arrives with a big family and a small red handkerchief houldin' all their luggage.

"Thrue, they have the fillums, but you've seen for yourself the way an Englishman, for instance, is always presinted be the dhramatists of Hollywood.

"As for our own people, most of thim have nothin' to judge be except the slandherous remarks about us be prominint Americans that are cabled promptly across the Atlantic to us, and the standards of livin' in America that the same fillums have shown us."

"With all their wealth and what not they'll soon be bossin' the whole world," said Heddle, grudgingly.

"They won't," said Sergeant Murphy. "Not till the min dhrop belts and take to braces."

The Dream Pedlar

By Shelagh

(Aged Twelve)

DING! Dong! here comes the old Pedlar with his dreams! He has a very big load to-day. See, there are the bad ones in a sack on his back, and he has the good ones in his pockets because they are quite small.

"What have you for me to-day, Pedlar?"

"Ah, there is not much variety nowadays," he says, "because everybody only likes dreams of dancing or of eating, but I can always order for you anything else you may want!"

"Oh! Pedlar, give me something really nice—I would like to dream I was in a bluebell wood in spring, with real music coming from the little bells, and see them beating time with their heads in the breeze nodding and dancing, and then— Oh! I want to see the foxes with their little pink and white gloves on. Do they really wear them? And what *is* a castle in the air? It would be so lovely to see one, or even go into one. I think it would be built on the top of a rainbow, and I expect it would be quite transparent, like a cornelian, or all colours, like an opal. I am sure it would have a great many towers and turrets, and a big door all made of diamonds, because then the bad dreams could not get in. Fancy living in one and sleeping in a rosebed and eating honey!"

"I am rather afraid that these dreams will cost a good deal," he said with a sad smile, "it may cost you half your happiness if I bring them to you."

"Oh! Pedlar, then all these dreams can never come true?"

"Dreams never come true," he said, with a knowing wag of his head.

He is going on up the old cobbled street now and the child who wanted so much is left alone. There is a little boy buying something from him—I think it is a Christmas pudding.

Do dreams really never come true?

At the "Plough and Anchor"

By Edward Davison

JAN CASPAR, the drunken sailor,
The broken-nosed disgrace
Of fifty ports—Jan Caspar,
Home from the China shore
With a sword-slash down his face,
Knows Cancer and Capricorn
Where we shall never see
Strange stars riding the topmast
Of a tall ship under sail.
For we shall never go round the Horn,
Or call for wine in Mexico,
Or get dead drunk in a roaring gale,
Never, never take lines to cast
For spiky fish in the dead calm
Of a lonely archipelago.

"I seen the sea-sarpint," (says Jan)
"But he didn't do us no harm;
He were fatter'n twenty farrowin' sows
An' longer'n Maypole Street,
With a mouth nearly the size of a house
An' fins as big as a man.
You oughter seen him when he beat
Alongside, wrigglin' like a worm,
Frettin' an' foamin'—he was fine,
Eatin' salt pork an' makin' a storm
With playin' round the ship all day
One time she crossed the line."

Jan sits and talks at the inn door,
Watching the boats go by
At evening over the quiet harbour
And fade away in the sky,
"I'm sailin' again myself," says Jan,
"In the middle of July."

But we shall never cross the wide Pacific,
Or gaze at sunset on its bright sea-gardens,
Catching the flying fish with naked hands,
Or kiss a girl beneath the Spanish sky,
Or anchor at Tunis or in Jamaica harbour—
Being old landsmen who are ripe to die.

British Opera

By Frederick Kitchener

SEVERAL years ago I was, among other things, operatic critic to a daily English newspaper published in Cairo; this work entailed my being present at performances of various French, Italian, and German operas for four nights a week at the Opera House during the season, which lasted from November until April. The performances began, or were supposed to begin, at a quarter to nine; and on many occasions, owing to the length of the intervals between the acts—frequently a good twenty minutes—and to the "heavenly length" of the operas themselves, I have been penned in that stuffy Opera House until half-past twelve or a quarter to one. Upon these occasions I registered a mental vow that should it ever be my fate to write an opera—which it never yet has been—I would have the whole of my opera in one single act, the whole thing not to exceed two hours in performance. As it was, I was often unable to get to bed until nearly two o'clock; and as I had to be up at seven, the mornings after the opera frequently found me better in health than in temper. And no wonder.

It is manifestly impossible for business men and other kinds of men who have to be astir betimes in the morning to sit until the small hours in an opera house or theatre and then to be equal to the next day's affairs. One would like to know how many good men and true, who would genuinely have liked to attend opera frequently, have been prevented from attending because of the late hours and subsequent liverish mornings. If we are ever to have successful British operas, it is thoroughly clear that composers must take care to keep their operatic effusions within reasonable bounds and to make them of a convenient length. Early Victorian audiences loved bulk and length in most things; their huge three-volume novels, their long-winded sermons, lasting for an hour or so, their stodgy interminable dinners and their never-ending operas and plays belonged to another age. Rightly or wrongly, we newer people prefer conciseness, clarity, and directness; we do not beat about the bush when we can go straight to our point. Richard Strauss's *Salome* gave a much-needed lead as to what form a modern

opera should take and what time it should occupy in performance.

As well as being decently short, let us hope that our popular British operas—whenever we get them—will not all have tragic or miserable endings. Only the confirmed habitué of foreign opera, especially Italian opera, can understand the feeling of combined monotony and desolation which mars the enjoyment of the work, beginning about three-quarters of the way through, by the certainty that we shall soon witness another murder or suicide, or, possibly, both; shall hear devastating yells, screams, and screeches, after which the curtain will fall, leaving the audience possessed of a feeling of grey disillusion and infelicity. One would like to see opera audiences sent home feeling decidedly "bucked" and happy—not as the physically tired mortals, the emotionally frayed-out rags, that they too often emerge after their long incarceration. The good old-fashioned happy wedding, once considered the only fitting ending for plays, novels, and pre-nineteenth-century operas, was as wise a choice of a finish as could have been made.

Another *sine qua non* of our future opera is that it should be sensible. Britons have a very keen and correct sense of humour, and when a thing is manifestly absurd, they naturally laugh, or want to laugh, at it. Much of the posturing, the screaming, the mushy oversentimentalized emotion of Italian opera is simply laughable to us, whereas to the Italians it is a thing of real life and great seriousness. But Italian laughter is not as ours; it is tickled more quickly by cruelty and sensuality than by anything else. We are "different," and see things from quite another angle. To us, a display of unbridled emotion is ridiculous; it is bad form, something not done. We don't feel like that ourselves, and it is laughable to us to see other people behaving in such an extraordinary fashion. But Italian opera is not alone in being full of absurdities; Wagner, who had no sense of humour, has also created several of them, the dragon Fafner being the great example.

It has sometimes been urged against us that we are not an opera-loving nation. That charge may or may not be true as regards ourselves and foreign opera, but it was certainly not true in the days when Arne's and Purcell's operas filled the London theatres, and when *The Beggar's*

Opera was, as it has lately been again, the rage of town. These old operas, however—whether English or what not—have a certain flavour of antiquity, and when the novelty of that flavour has worn off, they begin to pall on the musical palate.

There is no end of nonsense written in these days about "finding" a musical genius who will supply us with the kind of British operas we want. In sober fact, the last thing on earth that British music-publishers, concert managers, impresarios and conductors wish to do is to "find" a genius of any kind. Your genius is rather given to telling the truth, and is an "uncomfortable" person; and the other kind of people invariably do their best either to starve him outright or to make his life as unhappy as possible. Our new British operatic genius would have no chance here unless he were backed up by either a good private income, a well-to-do wife, or a wealthy and generous patron. An impecunious Bach, a ragged, unkempt Beethoven, a continually-borrowing Wagner would never be tolerated here for five minutes. We *might*, of course, produce a kind of musical Shakespeare, as keen on the business side as on the artistic side of affairs; but the cost of the production of a twentieth-century opera is a very different matter from the cost of the initial production of any one of Shakespeare's plays at the Globe Theatre. It is difficult to see how any British opera composer could possibly exist to-day without one of the adventitious aids already mentioned. And an opera is not the kind of thing that one can scribble down at nights after a hard day's work at something else, as Burns did his poetry after his day's ale-gauging. It wants the most important part of a man's time to get itself clearly planned out and clearly written down in. We are sometimes inclined to forget that the most important part of a composer's life consists in sitting down (or standing up) at a desk and writing hard for the best part of the day. And the mere writing down of the music of an opera is no easy job. All musical people are interested in the "life" of Wagner—his loves, hates, quarrels, journeyings. But what makes him really an object of interest is something quite different from these things, which are experienced by all kinds of ordinary people. What differentiates Wagner from the ordinary adventurer is that the music which he spent the greater part of

his time in writing down happens to be sometimes—not always—of the very highest quality and value.

To organize a competition with first, second, and third prizes for the best British opera, the judges consisting of a group of people attached to, or particularly interested in, some British academic institution, would be useless. Human nature being what it is, the judges would inevitably favour the work of some composer trained at their own particular institution. London, as every musician who has had any experience of it knows, is honeycombed with musical cliques and "sets," often either purposely ignorant of each other's affairs, or tacitly antagonistic. As Elgar, living and working in Worcestershire, miles away from all these pettinesses, yet came out on top, it is quite possible that the great British opera composer might be some one who had had very little to do with London at all. It is even feasible in these strange times that the new genius might be a woman; Dame Ethel Smyth has done splendid work in opera, and one wonders why *The Wreckers* is not more often done here. The only answer one can think of is that the work is too good, too brainy, for the majority of the British public.

And this brings us to another point. It *is* quite possible to write operas which are really too intellectual—too "good" in a certain sense—to become popular. Mr. Holbrooke's great operas or music-dramas, *The Children of Don*, *Dylan* and *Bronwen*, all contain some magnificent music. But there is certainly nothing in any of them which appeals to the so-called "popular" taste. Were it possible to perform them in a house packed with people of thorough musical education, no doubt their success would be complete. But alas, not in this world, and most certainly not in this country, is such an ideal audience possible or probable! Every composer, even the greatest, has to write for audiences composed largely of people possessing only an incomplete smattering of musical education (we will not use the hateful word "culture," which applies equally well to tomatoes or vegetable marrows). He must realize that fact if he wants his operas to be what is generally called "successful"—which means, hard saying though it be, financially profitable.

It is sheer nonsense to say that we have not the material here for the production of opera of any kind.

We have the material for anything we like to make up our minds to; and the ventures of the British National Opera Company are both popular and highly appreciated by the public. We have not the slightest need to scour Europe for a conductor while we have a man ready to hand with the genius, knowledge, and experience of Sir Thomas Beecham—who could pull through any workable opera that ever was or will be written. We do not, thank Heaven! produce screeching twenty-thousand-pounds-a-show *prime donne*, but we can, and do, produce singers, both men and women, who would be quite equal to any reasonable demand that the British opera composer might make upon them. No sane native composer to-day would dream of inflicting upon an audience the howls, barks, and squeaks of Strauss's *Elektra*, which is already *passé* and old-fashioned.

Really, it is a very terrible thing that every British musician should be obliged to spend most of his student period and his professional career in the foreign mental atmosphere created by the continual playing or singing of foreign music. Your British piano-student, for example, spends most of his life in practising the piano works of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Brahms, and a number of more modern composers such as Grieg, Debussy, Moszkowski, and Rachmaninoff. It is really a wonder that a man spending his life in this alien atmosphere and giving most of his thought-power to this so thoroughly unBritish music does not become denationalized. Not without significance is the fact that two British-born pianists, both notable chiefly as interpreters of Beethoven—D'Albert and Lamond—should have left their native shores and have passed the best part of their lives in Germany. An equally unsatisfactory state of affairs prevails in the operatic department, where the budding British star is confined to a repertory consisting exclusively of French, Italian, or German operas. Even when Britain gives birth to the right kind of opera singers, she is obliged to go abroad for the musical fare upon which to bring them up. This is a depressing thought to all those who are genuinely fond and proud of their Motherland, and who hate to see her lagging behind in any department of human activity and progress.

But this is to a large extent our own fault. We have emphatically done that which we ought not to have done

in this particular. We have slavishly copied foreign operas, and have been unpleasantly surprised when our own people would have none of the hash which has resulted. We have ignored melody, though every British composer knows in his heart that melody is the first consideration with our public. But there are signs that we are beginning to come to our senses in this regard. Dr. Vaughan Williams in *Hugh the Drover* and Mr. Holst in *At the Boar's Head* have really tried to give us British opera, and not mere copies of foreign operas. But opera of this kind is as yet in the experimental stage, and it would be grossly unfair to criticize any new ventures of this order as though they were the results of previous generations of thought, experiment, and selection. The works of Wagner derived in the first place, as Wagner was proud to acknowledge, from the life-work of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber; but *Hugh the Drover* and *At the Boar's Head* derive from no one, being entirely original and experimental. We must not expect, after years of operatic sterility, to give birth immediately to consummate masterpieces. A nation brought up largely on inferior Anglican chants and hymn tunes will not in a single moment become aware of the beauty and artistic pleasure to be obtained from attending good performances of good opera. Puritanism is still a force in this island, and many people have a secret feeling that opera is in some degree a sinful thing. We remember Carlyle's sour judgment on the opera performance that he saw, and his regret that all the persons concerned in any way with it—composer, artists, and audience—had not been engaged in something less vain and frivolous, something really worth doing. But it is high time that we shook off the last vestiges of oppressive Puritanism from us. Even Caledonia, stern and wild, is herself becoming gradually less Puritanical; up here, one learns, it was until quite recently considered a deadly sin to read a newspaper on a Sunday. The mere Sassenach is certainly in a more fitting condition for the proper mental reception of opera than his northern brother, though one feels, with all the interest in Gaelic music that is being taken in Scotland, that it is quite within the range of possibility that Gaelic opera, written by Gaelic composers, and performed by Gaelic artists, may in the year 2027 or thereabouts be done in Edinburgh or Glasgow.

Home Products and Foreign Affairs

By Horace Shipp

The First Year. By Frank Craven. (Apollo.)
The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd. By D. H. Lawrence. (Stage Society.)
The Triumph of Neptune. (Russian Ballet Season at Lyceum.)

I DO not think it likely that I shall be accused of Little Englandism in matters of art. Beauty knows no boundaries and great art no race; it may take shape and colour from the land and people of its origin, but in so far as it is great, it is universal. So we may rejoice with thanksgiving to share Ibsen, Tchehov, Pirandello, Hauptmann or the Guitrys with their countrymen, and rejoice with just a touch of pride that we can proffer Shakespeare from the past, Shaw and Galsworthy from the dramatic present to the feast. So often and so vigorously have I rejoiced in these columns with suitable thanksgiving for foreign masterpieces that there should be no danger of being regarded as insular if I urge the claim of native drama.

Those internationally-minded gentlemen who govern the destinies of the West-end theatre seem always to believe that a play will pay if it comes a sufficient distance. They so firmly believe in the mass mentality of the human race that they treat London, Paris, and New York as three towns with but a single thought, and spend large parts of their lives racing across the Atlantic to buy Broadway successes at fabulous figures. If they brought back the best of O'Neill, we should wish them *bon voyage* on every expedition, but since their discoveries seem often to be *Saturday Evening Post* stories glibly dramatized instead of the *Strand Magazine* stories which they could purchase here much more cheaply, there seems no point in so much journeying to so little effect, unless one has a shareholding in transatlantic traffic.

This is not to say that *The First Year* is a bad play according to its lights. Indeed, it is a quite amusing, well-acted, and well-produced play, and if Ernest Truex can only be seen in an American comedy, he alone is sufficient justification for the introduction of Mr. Craven's work. His comedy is of the hero-within-the-common-man, Chaplinesque variety which flatters the vanity of untried mediocrity, and would have made Nietzsche

scream. Within that lucrative American tradition it is excellent comedy: and although it is doubtful progress to have exchanged our admiration for men of the bulldog breed for those of the underdog, one can only hope that it enlarges our charity of mind. My immediate concern is that I suspect this play to be here, like many another of its kind, because it was written for a success on Broadway, and to my mind that is not only no reason, but a reason against. It may be prejudice, but I dislike the American intonation of our common speech, and prefer to hear standard English on the English stage; and, in a country which has too much balance to ramp into the absurdities of Prohibition, and too much respect for the dignity of law to glory in an orgy of law-breaking if it had ramped in, why should we be expected to see the joke of illicit gin? We are now promised a whole play about bootlegging. I am willing to wager that if the gentleman who has paid an incredible number of dollars to bring it here had been offered Mr. Eugene O'Neill's *All God's Chillun*, he would have explained pompously that the problem was too purely American to appeal to English taste, and much more to that effect.

Let it be granted that *The First Year* is a border-line case; that it has qualities of humanity and sentiment which make it an interesting entertainment, and that it is a well-constructed piece. We are accepting it for these things and for its efficient production and acting, which in this case outbalance its disadvantages of being concerned with entirely undignified people and written in an idiom of which we have little understanding.

In our own country the whole "Manchester" school of drama failed primarily just because it dealt with such drab people. Even when a writer of the standing of Mr. D. H. Lawrence presents a piece like *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd*, it is left for the Stage Society to produce it as art rather than commerce. True, the artist in Mr. Lawrence refuses to cheapen his picture by sentimentality or misplaced humour, and mars it for many of us by one very gruesome scene, and to this extent puts himself outside the ordinary traffic of Shaftesbury Avenue, but at least he gives us constructionally and dramatically a great piece of work in its bareness, its bleakness and desperate life-likeness. If we discount

the genre of this play, it is that we ask for drama about more essentially noble people, yet we must admit that Mrs. Holroyd and Blackmore matter more to us than the Tommy Tuckers and Livingston families off Main Street.

This matter of native idiom found an interesting reflection in the new creation which the Russian Ballet presented. For a long time even those of us who most adored the Russian dancers have found our faith strained by Gallic influences. Paris and Monte Carlo were tending to become the spiritual home of the ballet, and accordingly its art thinned to virtuosity. The new ballet, for which Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell created the book and Lord Berners the music, seemed delightfully full-blooded after recent work. It had as its basis the English pantomime traditions avowedly of seventy years ago, but some of us remember them in their last glory at the Britannia less than thirty years since. They were typically English stuff—clowns, pantaloons, harlequins, flying ballet, big-heads, everything from every source merged into that English extravaganza called pantomime which gave many of us our first taste of the theatre. There in Hoxton, almost at the door of the theatre, was Mr. Pollock's Toy Theatre Shop, the "penny plain, twopence coloured" of immortal Stevenson memory which would renew at home the delights we had just witnessed. That the sophisticated Russian Ballet and the ultra-sophisticated Mr. Sitwell should bring all those things back to us in a long pantomime ballet with settings borrowed from the famous toy theatres renders one critically dumb. I have a remote feeling that there was a certain lack of shape to the ballet, that in strict æsthetics it was too episodic, and needed too much explanation on paper, that at least on the first night it tended to be under-rehearsed, and that Lord Berners's music was adequate rather than exciting; but were there a thousand other faults, I would still give a score of *Les Biches* or *Romeo and Juliets* for this most jolly, most English entertainment. For no matter how marvellously danced Woizikovsky or Lifar (and the technique of both has strengthened to the first rank of the Russian dancers), no matter how exquisitely pirouetted Sokolova or Tchernicheva, in my mind danced more exquisitely still memories belonging to a great English tradition.

Books

LITERARY MEMOIRS

THE DIARY OF ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. Edited by PERCY LUBBOCK. Hutchinson. 24s.

THE portions of Benson's immense diaries here published might easily do him an injustice. Mr. Lubbock writes as his intimate, and the admirably discerning introductions help us to realize a remarkable character. He shows the best in Benson that did not always come out, and explains that he was not in good company so tediously critical as when he daily wrote down his impressions for himself. Some of the unkind references might have been omitted for publication, though all that he says is made attractive by his gifts of style and observation. His account of Watts-Dunton and Swinburne at the Pines, wonderful in its observation; the antithetical character of the don known as "O.B."; and many other things in the diaries are first-rate. But how restless a chronicle it is, and it amounts to four million words, all in addition to other literary work, including novels left unpublished! *Scribendi cacoethes*, indeed, that led straight to the terrible breakdowns in health and capability. Probably Benson was best at Magdalene in the company of young men whose freshness and straightforwardness he could admire. He was cautious about the attractions of women. He confessed that he wrote "timid and chatty articles for maiden aunts." Why, then, it might be asked, go on writing them? He could not rest, he must scribble. At his bright and trenchant best he was a delightful companion, but the lights were down in the popular books:

> It is curious, as Percy says, that I can't get a certain acidity of perception and a derisiveness of phrase into my books. In my books I am solemn, sweet, refined; in real life I am rather vehement, sharp, contemptuous, a busy mocker. But I am also somewhat of a fatalist.

He records a visit to Abbotsford, and one wonders if he thought of the "Journal" Scott added to his professional labours. Scott is called a "great big jolly *child*"; but in the midst of disaster he was marvellous in courage and humour. He could appreciate quite common people of the sort that the fastidious diarist detested. Style in life and letters is over-rated in these pages. Yet they are frank in their confessions of "being always really preoccupied with myself," of "peace and joy" for a short while, and then the restless return to work. Faust said to Mephistopheles:

> If ever to the moment I shall say,
> "Stay yet awhile, thou art so fair!"
> Then mayst thou cast me into chains,
> Then will I gladly be destroyed.

On such terms Benson would have been an easy prey. He was cabined and confined by uncertain hopes and desires. He could discover in boys men of future distinction, but he never found himself. V. R.

EXPERIENCES OF A LITERARY MAN. By STEPHEN GWYNN. With portraits. Thornton Butterworth. 21s.

IN spite of its title, Mr. Gwynn's book contains no revelations of sordid struggles in Grub Street and embodies no complaints of the chicanery of publishers or the unfairness of reviewers. And, although he is first and foremost a "literary man," he has also been, in his time, schoolmaster, politician, and soldier, his "experiences" also including a "Rest Cure in Morocco." He has the usual Irish gift for graphic narration and does not take himself too seriously.

The son of an Ulster clergyman who was also a distinguished don of Trinity College, Dublin, and through his mother a grandson of Smith O'Brien, the rebel of '48, Mr. Gwynn had affinities with almost every type of Irishman. In early days he met Gavan Duffy and John O'Leary, the veteran Fenian, and later he was intimate with the pioneers of Sinn Fein in its early literary phase, whilst he was also in touch with men like "A.E." and Colonel Shawe-Taylor before becoming associated with the Nationalists as member for Galway. He even persuaded Lecky to contribute (anonymously) to the Gaelic League: his father had been the historian's proposer for the representation of Dublin University and had on the occasion achieved a memorable epigram at the expense of the Castle lawyer politicians. Lecky himself, though he had little humour, could, says our author, be amused; for in acknowledging the gift of his young friend's verse, he told him how "a small attempt of his own had been translated into Magyar by an enthusiastic Hungarian bishop."

Oxford does not appear to have appealed much to Mr. Gwynn, though he did well in the schools and left a college reputation to which the reviewer can testify. But he gives us a lively impression of Ruskin as Slade Professor, and of abortive attempts by Morris, Hyndman, and Henry George to indoctrinate the Undergraduates of the eighties with Socialism.

He dwells feelingly upon the drawbacks of a schoolmaster's life, but whilst at Bradfield he made the acquaintance of the Poet Laureate and the late Dean Beeching, and when acting as a coach at Clifton met "Q." and Canon Ainger, though he missed T. E. Brown. In 1896 he settled down to a literary and journalistic career in London, writing for the leading weeklies and "advising" the firm of Macmillan. The two chapters which he devotes to this phase of his life contain vivid pen-portraits of

Mary Kingsley, Maurice Hewlett and Stephen Phillips, with all of whom he was intimate. His recollections of the last-named are particularly interesting and embody an admirable estimate of his poetry. From his personal knowledge Mr. Gwynn states that, so far from it being true that this poet's reputation was made by "log-rolling in drawing-rooms," the fact was that "it was all but impossible to get him anywhere where people wore evening dress," and "no beast of the forest was ever more elusive or more moody and miserable" when attempts were made to lionize him. But he admits that Phillips's publishers did him disservice by injudicious advertising, and that, though the poet made enemies, he finally wrote himself down. Another poet of whom we hear much both in England and Ireland in these pages is Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose work is, perhaps, rather over-valued.

The last two chapters give an entertaining account of Irish politics in the period between the fall of Parnell and the final eclipse of the Nationalist Party to which the writer belonged. The humours of the Galway election of 1906 provide especially good reading. G. LE G. N.

FICTION

THE EXQUISITE PERDITA. By E. BARRINGTON. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

IF anyone thinks that the historical novel is dead, a perusal of the works of the lady who writes under the name of "E. Barrington" should undeceive him. The author of these romances has a rare power of visualizing the past combined with a decided talent for dialogue and command of literary expression. Though she may, perhaps, be charged with looking at life very largely from the standpoint of her own sex, she does not make the mistake of so many clever women in treating the man as a mere foil for the portrayal of female activities and excellences.

In her latest book, a masterly study of sentimentality, the reader's interest will be almost equally divided between the actress who became the first mistress of George IV, as Prince of Wales, and Sheridan, who are represented as half in love with one another. Some of the best work is in the earlier chapters, where the brilliant dramatist and Drury Lane proprietor is shown cajoling Garrick to prepare Perdita for a stage career, and shielding her from the advances of would-be admirers, whilst combating his own inclinations. Skilful use is made of the personality of his adorable wife, Reynolds's "St. Cecilia," in warding off undesirable complications, and the latter's own pathetic situation affords an effective underplot. The sordid worthlessness which was hidden under the showy splendours of the prince who wooed the young actress as "Florizel" is relentlessly brought out, and the exposure, though couched under the

form of fiction, is more sound historically than recent attempts to whitewash him by pseudo-biography. Some of the later episodes of the book, though remarkable as *tours de force*, notably the scene between Perdita and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland (the real villains of the piece), are scarcely so convincing; and the relations here depicted of the discarded mistress with Charles James Fox cannot be pronounced more than plausibly credible, though some colour may be lent to them by the popular belief. The curious in biographic fiction may contrast with the treatment of the Perdita episode the equally remarkable study on the same theme by the late Stanley Makower, if they can obtain it.

G. LE G. N.

"GOOD-BYE, STRANGER!" By STELLA BENSON. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

AFTER reading this delightfully witty novel, rich with the author's almost uncanny power of making the commonplace incredible, and the incredible commonplace, after accepting and enjoying the touch of fairy fantasy, and the virulent criticism of American spellbinders, and coming to the solution of an impossible situation—after all this, one is left wondering at the philosophy which has been released between the lines of an almost farcical story. How effectually the knowledge of good and evil protects us from the magic of simplicity and faith, and the more perilous magic of magic casements, seems to be the undertone of these adventures of a grown-up changeling in a Chinese mission station. His marriage to a woman, only sweet and beautiful, has set him longing for the dreadful apple of sophistication. As in the first story of all, it is a woman who gives him this forbidden fruit—one of the typical world-weary, frustrated cynics the author delights to picture. But, in doing so, she breaks the spell for this happier Adam and allows him to return to his lost paradoxical son. One of the big things in this story is the aged Sybil, the mother of the "changeling." But the book is full of crisp characters and the peculiar charm of its author.

THE WILD BIRD. By MARGARET STUART LANE. Illustrated by BRYCE HAMILTON. H. Milford. 5s.

THIS is one of the "Oxford Books for Girls," and they will be fortunate if they get hold of it. It is a tale of Cavalier and Roundhead after the Battle of Worcester, written by a real lover of the countryside and of horses. The "Wild Bird" is a girl with a glorious colt, and together they are equal to many Roundheads. The intrigues on both sides are exciting; and of the many thrills one of the best is new, while plot and counterplot are skilfully kept in an agreeable state of hints for the reader to make out. The whole is managed with a good sense of style and arrangement.

NOTES FROM ABROAD

IN CHINA. By ABEL BONNARD. Translated from the French by VERONICA LUCAS. Routledge. 15s. net.

IT is a remarkable fact that of recent works on China, the two best—those which display the greatest faculty for accurate observation and logical deduction—are by Frenchmen. One of these books is the subject of the present review; the other, M. d'Auxion de Ruffé's "Chine et Chinois d'aujourd'hui," has not yet been translated into English. Both face steadily the essential facts of the present anarchy in China, whilst English and American writers, with one or two notable exceptions, appear to be unable to rid themselves of the burden of false sentiment which has stultified our diplomatic relations and endangered our trade since the Washington Conference first committed the British Government to a purblind policy of ineptitude and inertia.

M. Bonnard's work is by no means confined to the political aspects of the situation in China. He has made a close study of the life of the people, their economic and administrative disorders, also of the mentality of their self-constituted rulers and of the hybrid intellectuals of the new dispensation; from these he has drawn his own independent conclusions as to the causes and probable outcome of the present chaos. The result is a book which deserves the attention of every student of Far Eastern affairs. It is, moreover, a book which, by virtue of its author's artistic intuition of perception and wide range of human sympathy, throws new light on many of the subjects with which, in pleasantly discursive fashion, it deals. Finally, there runs through it all a vein of poetic sensibility and urbane philosophy, together with a sprinkling of Attic salt, which gives us a succession of word pictures not easily forgotten. Take, for example, this impression of the faces of a crowd in a town of Central China :—

> It is the young men who look most absolutely used up in China, but in these crowds of monotonous, indifferent faces, where the only sight that awakens your attention is the horrible appearance of the beggars, it is the young men and not the women who lend an element of ambiguous charm to the throng. They seem to be the derelict princes of an exhausted race, bred to the quivering, highly-strung delicacy of a greyhound, and every one, including the four brawny carriers of the chair which passed me just now, appears to recognize their supremacy.

M. Bonnard records his impressions, but forces no conclusions. Confronted by the mass of contradictory elements which is China, he reminds himself, as a bird of passage, that "these ancient Empires hold all that is greatest and highest in them, *out of reach*. The traveller is like a passing marauder, who can just reach to snatch a dusty apple hanging from a low branch over the road, but can never taste the fruit of the topmost boughs." Therefore

in the end he resolves: "Though nothing seems clear and if I am not to be allowed to find the solution of the problem, at least I will retain the contradictory aspects of the case in my own mind."

In studying these contradictory aspects, he has looked beneath the surface for the true causes of the red ruin and breaking-up of laws which now threaten China's ancient civilization, and amidst the tumult and the shouting he has seized and interpreted the immemorial message of the past.

J. O. P. BLAND.

MY UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. By GILBERT FRANKAU. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

IN the early part of the year Mr. Frankau took a trip to the United States, and herein tells us as much as he found time to record about it. With a really remarkable industry he has managed to turn out a considerable volume between bouts of broadcasting, being interviewed, speechifying, and accepting whatever came his way in the matter of sightseeing, hospitality, and new acquaintance. During the three months of his visit he travelled clean across a varied continent, catching glimpses of life as it is lived in the major cities that include New York and San Francisco. He steps off, as they say over there, at Boston, Washington, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake City, and Los Angeles. Each halting place provides him with a chapter, and however dull the halting place, Mr. Frankau, like the excellent journalist he is on this occasion, always manages to be readable and, incidentally, to "let the Red dogs have it."

Life in America (for the distinguished stranger, at least) is very like this book, a kind of motion-picture wherein one is carried by train from city to city, from meal to meal, from one crowd or company to another crowd or company, till one's health gives out or one drops half dead with insomnia.

The reels unroll and we get Mr. Frankau's impressions very honestly and fairly set down. He is struck with the architecture of the place, with the industry and efficiency of the average citizen, and with the comparative absence of Trade Unionism. He recognizes the farcical nature of Prohibition, the increasing frequency of violent crime, and I fancy he exaggerates the good looks of the young women of the place, which, so far as I could see, were nothing out of the way.

His chapter on the Mormons and Salt Lake City is about the best in the book. So much clap-trap has been written around these people that it is refreshing to get a view which convinces one that they are among America's most valuable assets.

In Hollywood we meet the "movie" people, including Charlie Chaplin, who seems to be as unspoilt as he is gifted; in Kansas

City Mr. Frankau has an amusing interview with Mr. Sinclair Lewis; and in most places we discover that America is no more sober and no more virtuous, though a good deal more expensive, than the rest of the Western World.

Mr. Frankau has a quite proper dislike of Socialism and Bolshevism and lets everybody know it, though why he should regard Mr. H. G. Wells as an arch-exponent of either cult is rather beyond the present reviewer. The most destructive, searching, and complete refutation which these two methods have so far received is contained in Mr. Wells's "Clissold." However, one has to thank Mr. Frankau for three hours of solid and unflagging entertainment.

A. K.

NEW EDITIONS

THE NEW SHAKESPEARE—AS YOU LIKE IT. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

THE names of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Mr. Dover Wilson do not appear on the main title-page, but everyone who studies Shakespeare seriously knows their work by this time. It is gay, enterprising, original, and is adding more to our knowledge than any commentator has for some years past. For students there is a practical improvement in the commentary on this play, which did not appear in the earlier: the lines are numbered in tens at the side, and so can be found easily, when one looks back.

The editors believe in the quartos as presenting Shakespeare's intentions, and, therefore, do not endorse previous opinions of the folio text—the only one for this play—as remarkably pure. They think the business of Hymen at the end is not Shakespearian, and throughout are always alive to possible corruption. It is a little depressing to find so much disputed, but there is reason and reflection behind their suggestions, and Mr. Wilson supplies a check on emendation which, if otherwise plausible, cannot be explained as a likely mistake due to Shakespeare's handwriting.

Nothing beyond an obscure tradition is known of early performances, which seems odd for a play now so popular, but Mr. Wilson ingeniously uses hints in the text to suggest a date round about 1593 for Shakespeare's first draft. This he takes to have been considerably revised, especially in the substitution of prose for verse. Not all the possibilities of the editors, perhaps, may be accepted as good gifts, but both in the text and notes they show an admirable freshness of attack, while they select judiciously from the labours of Furness and other scholars of the past.

Q's preface shows delightfully that "academic" can no longer stand as a synonym for "inhuman." It does a particularly useful service in chaffing two learned Germans. Whatever Shakespeare was, he was English, and the English have a birthright to understand him which does not belong to other nations.

H. G. WELLS: The Essex Edition. Vols. I–X. W. Benn. 3s. 6d. each.

WELL printed on thin paper and becomingly attired in a brown binding with gold ornaments, this re-issue should be a great success by the winter fireside. The books are light in hand, a point publishers often forget. They are also lighter reading than the lucubrations of the elder reforming and sociological Mr. Wells. It is a pity that the original date of publication is not added in each case. "The Sleeper Awakes" was revised with a slight change of title in 1911, but here a footnote shows how far Mr. Wells was ahead of fact in imagining fighting aeroplanes. This was a happier thought than the recognition of Mr. Le Gallienne in a strange city as one of the world's great moral emancipators.

"Love and Mr. Lewisham" is a real slice of life, and the "History of Mr. Polly" presents a delightful soul, full of the most engaging verbosity and left admiring the sunset which a fat woman cannot understand. Mr. Polly was criticized by a dome-headed monster, a gentleman who wrestled with social problems, and called for a "collective intelligence" in the world. Can Mr. Wells have become this "gifted, if unpleasant, contemporary"? Perish the thought! Mr. Polly would hate him so much. Yet next year in "The New Machiavelli" a gentleman is lecturing on Germany's sedulous attention to the collective mind, and her superiority to England in the coming war.

Mr. Wells's easy, natural dialogue lasts well, unlike some of his prophecies.

GENERAL

VAGABONDS ALL. By His Honour JUDGE EDWARD ABBOTT PARRY, with eight plates. Cassell. 21s.

SOME of Judge Parry's company of vagabonds are well known, but he writes in so delightful a style that he lures us even to go once again through the sordid career of the Tichborne Claimant. The jury stopped the first case with eminent good sense, and we can hardly, perhaps, expect a legal writer to say that such proceedings might often be shortened. We notice he claims for "Madame Rachel, the go-between," the credit of spending "royally on law and legal advice" the money she made by crime. In the story of Mary Anne Clarke we learn that "the week-end

habit is no new thing." A solid historian has, we think, ascribed its invention to Oliver Cromwell, who went down to Hampton Court from Saturday to Monday.

The author judiciously separates fact, or probable fact, from wild rumour and invention. We sympathize with his pain on seeing Robin Hood put down in the "Dictionary of National Biography" as a "legendary hero," especially as it admits King Arthur. He is declared to be a hero of sound common sense, in view of his age and the way it treated him. The career of Mary Bateman leads to some strong and sensible remarks on fortune-telling, which still flourishes. We have noted four of these wizards advertising their illegal practice in one theatre programme. There are laws not enforced or evaded with more reason, as Judge Parry notes in his account of Samuel Foote. The variety of his vagabonds is pleasing, for some of them were really picturesque and added to the gaiety of the world as well as their own purses.

WHITAKER'S ALMANACK, 1927. Complete Edition, 6s. Abridged, 1s. 6d. 12 Warwick Lane.

HERE once again is the familiar guide, rearranged, and a new abridgment which is not, as heretofore, a part of the complete book, but a summary of the whole of it, less full in details, such as those of Government offices. Both volumes, when tested here and there, prove admirably accurate, and the indexes with their cross-references make it easy to find things. "Whitaker" is one of those old-fashioned institutions which are indispensable. It is full of well-arranged facts that editors perpetually want; indeed, we wonder what an inquiring world did which lacked the assistance of the original Joseph.

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
FEBRUARY, 1927

Correspondence

America and Prohibition

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The writer has been for a number of years a subscriber to your valued magazine and reads it with increasing interest and profit.

The frequent gibes at the States are amusing and reveal how impossible it is for an Englishman to understand our country.

A visit to one of our Public Schools in Minneapolis shows that among the pupils are those, not only representing every nation of Europe, but four different races, the black, the white, the yellow and the red.

Perhaps this lack of homogeneity of our people may explain to you why we appear so contradictory, and are at once the most materialistic and the most idealistic; the most lawless, the most law-abiding; the most ignorant, the most intelligent; the bravest, the most cowardly; the most religious, the most Godless; the most generous, the most grasping.

As a people, we are wholly unformed and unwieldy, with no common ancestry and temperamentally as wide apart as the pole and the equator. Whenever I return to my native land from abroad, I am conscious of a nation, a city and a community wholly in the making. Many of our apparent faults are the result of a childishness, born of immaturity.

Your hostile attitude toward our sumptuary legislation, national prohibition, is likewise the result of partial information or misinformation. This mid-western city of half a million people saw five hundred saloons go out of business over-night; has witnessed drunkenness practically disappear from its streets; has seen the lunches furnished by the schools to the children of the poor discontinued; has noted the gradual elimination of absenteeism over the week-end among the workers, and has observed the continued improvement among them of housing, clothing and food conditions.

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I never visit your lovely country but I wonder how long England can stand the double " D D " (Dole and Drink) evil; the sodden men and women who frequent the " pubs "; the substitution among its workers of alcohol for food; the offensive odour and vacant stare of those who have consecrated their lives and devote most of their time and energy to the consuming of your wholly adequate liquor supply.

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